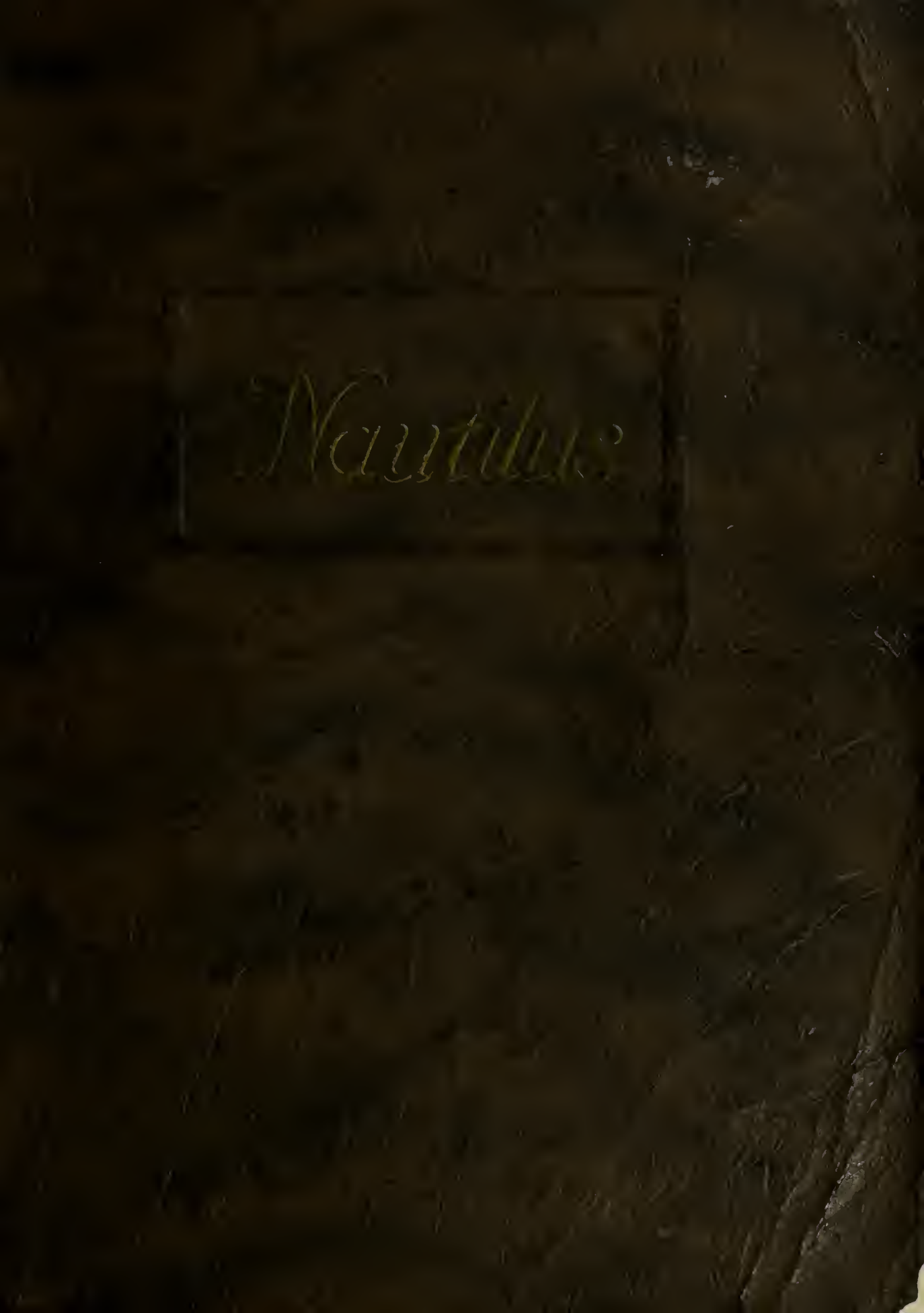

Nautilus

"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

FOREWORD

When the days shall have come and finally gone; when our ambitions and aspirations shall have materialized, or proved themselves to be vain; when a little, or perhaps more than a little, of the glitter and gloss of an attractive future shall have worn away, then may this Book — our Book — yours and mine — by means of its associations serve as an incentive to renewed aspirations and endeavors centered in the will of Him whom we serve. This is our fondest desire for every member of our Alma Mater.

THE NAUTILUS

1922 Volume I. 1922

Published by the Students of Eastern Nazarene College
WOLLASTON, MASS.

SONNET TO E. N. C.

When I consider what a privilege
'Twould be, to help God paint the eastern skies,
Out of dull night to trace a gold sunrise;
Out of the storm to build a sunset hedge
Of gorgeous clouds on yonder western edge;
Or bid a world, which dead in winter lies,
To light and hope of living spring arise,—
I know God gives to thee a nobler pledge
Of trust. Thine, E. N. C., the wondrous dower—
At home and far beyond the ocean's crest—
To preach eternal Truth to men of strife,
To change their night to radiant morning hour,
Their sin storms calm to evening peace and rest,
Their dead souls speak to resurrection life.

—*M. Nostrand.*

To our Faculty Advisers, who by their unfailing interest and helpful counsel have largely made possible this, the first Annual of Eastern Nazarene College, we gratefully dedicate our book.

Bertha Munro. *Hugh C. Benner.*

CONTENTS

Administration

Classes

Organizations

Literary
and
College Life

Administration

"Christ — in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."—PAUL.

FRED J. SHIELDS, A. M.

"How charming is Divine Philosophy!"

To President Fred J. Shields, who for the past three years has stood at the head of Eastern Nazarene College, the college and its friends owe a debt of gratitude and sincere appreciation. It was his vision that gave us our present ideal location in Wollaston; it was his recognition of ability and devotion that gathered our united, consecrated faculty. His faith in his divine commission has encouraged our hearts; his comprehension of educational values has opened the eyes of students to the need of college training for most effective service; his patience has held us steady in many a trying hour. God bless President Shields!

FACULTY

FLOYD W. NEASE, A. M., B. D.

Philosophy and Religion

"He does the work of a true man—
Crown him, honor him, love him."

BERTHA MUNRO, A. M.

English Language and Literature

"So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure."

JULIA R. GIBSON, M. D.

Medical Missions and Science

"Even as the Son of Man came not to be
ministered unto,
But to minister, and to give His life a
ransom for many."

R. WAYNE GARDNER, S. B.

Science and Mathematics

"He was the friend, not of fortune, but
of men."

FACULTY

Effie S. Goozee, A. B.

Classical Languages

"She smiles—life's brightest rainbows shine;
She frowns—we dare not fail."

Harriette E. Goozee, A. B.

English

"Those about her should read from her the perfect ways of honor."

Hugh C. Benner, S. B., B. D.

Science and History

"Work and love; they are the body and soul of the human being."

Mrs. Hester A. Shields, A. B.

Modern Languages

"Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye."

FACULTY

VERA F. RICHARDS

Piano and Voice

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell."

HAZEL R. HARDING

Commercial

"Then busily flew her fingers o'er the keys."

ROLLA BENNER

Violin

"Yea, music is the Prophet's art;
Among the gifts that God hath sent,
One of the most magnificent."

JULIA K. VAUGHN

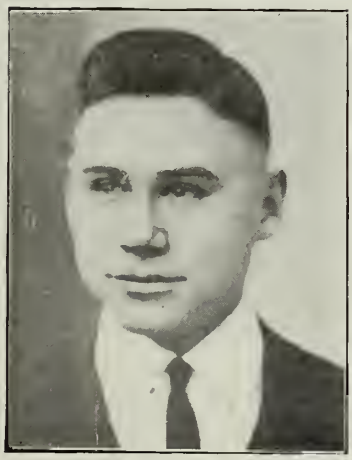
Mathematics

"A merry heart goes all the day;
Your sad tires in a mile."

INSTRUCTORS

Mrs. Carrie M. Gardner
History and German
"Get leave to work in this world, — 'tis the best you get at all."

Madeline A. Nostrand
English
"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thotful of others."



T. Edwin Rush
Mathematics
"Efficiency begins with wanting something so much the whole world can't stop you."

Howard G. Herrshaft
Science
"It is better to wear out than to rust out."

INSTRUCTORS—DEANS

HATTIE E. GOODRICH

Commercial

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?"

DOROTHY H. WHITE

Expression

"Her words bring daylight with them
when she speaks."

MRS. MARION E. MACKENNEY

Matron and Dean

"They who think of others most
Are the happiest folks who live."

ANNABEL MACQUARRIE

Assistant Dean

"Of stern a mien, of heart most kind."

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

GLEN W. SIEFARTH, PH. B.

Business Manager

"His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen."

MABEL WARD

Bookkeeper

"And thereby hangs a tale."

THE NAUTILUS

Howard G. Herrschaft, C.' 23, *Editor*

Madeline Nostrand, C.' 23 . *Associate Editor*

Mrs. Georgia Bailey, Th.' 22 . . *Religious Editor*

Russell Harrington, C.' 24 . . . . . *Literary Editor*

Ruth V. Rollins, A.' 24 . . . . . *Organizations*

Dorothy H. White, C.' 24 . . . . . *College Life*

Mabel Slocum, C.' 25, *Art*

Ernest Grosse, Th.' 22 . *Secretary*

Fletcher Chilton, C.' 25 . . . *Business Manager*

Leslie Sears, A.' 25 . . . . . *Associate Manager*

Charles Deware, A.' 24 . . . *Assistant Manager*

FACULTY ADVISERS

Bertha Munro

Hugh C. Benner

Bailey

Herrschaf

White

Harrington

Nostrand

Grosse

Slocum

Nautilus Staff
1922

Rollins

Deware

Chilton

Sears

EDITORIAL—*The Nautilus*

THE students of Eastern Nazarene College are publishing a book—a book which is to represent them and their ideals. They have called it *The Nautilus,* choosing not a name romantic in associations or lovely in melody, but a name redolent of New England atmosphere, aglow with the inspiration of noble purpose. Have you learned to know the message of the Nautilus? Let us study it awhile together.

We are all pupils in a great school whose halls are as spacious as the reaches of the heavens. The master is God, and as a wise man instructing children, He teaches us by object lessons. He has planned and related every detail of His creation for the benefit of man, its crown, and is constantly showing us truth if we have eyes to see. The leaders of mankind have been responsive to these suggestions and have wrought them into noble thoughts to bless the world. The tree nourished by hidden waters, the snowflake less white than the purified heart, called forth David's songs of trust and worship. A lingering gaze at the tiny violet, a quick glance at the still tinier celandine were all Wordsworth needed as inspiration for the most tender lyrics. A gust of autumn wind sweeping away the withered leaves stirred Shelley in *The Ode to the West Wind* to express once for all the strivings of an impetuous soul. So Oliver Wendell Holmes, our loved New England poet, once chanced to examine the shell of a small sea animal which had been washed ashore, and wrote his allegory, *The Chambered Nautilus,* famed for its beauty and its "lyric sweep of aspiration."

The poet first introduces us to the nautilus as a "ship of pearl"—you are all familiar with the lines—and then explains its habits of living. Each year the nautilus makes a new home: the first year it lives in a single shell; the second year it adds another chamber. Softly stepping through the shining archway, again it builds up a door, takes possession of the larger abode, and forgets the old. The application is self-evident: the peril of satisfaction with present attainment. As time swiftly passes by, we must leave behind us the past with all its successes and its failures and advance to better and nobler things. The trumpet call of the last stanza will forever serve as a challenge in the hours when we are truest to the heavenly vision:

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!"

The lesson of the nautilus, then, is the eternal necessity of growth: the living organism must develop and expand: the dead may stagnate and decay. We prove that we live only as we advance.

History proves the value of the spirit of the nautilus. Humanity was given, to start with, only a small home, a circumscribed outlook, but from year to year it enlarged its horizon; for, like the nautilus, it possessed innately the material for building, the potentiality of development. As with our little sea builder, its home was new to it—it knew not whither it went. Had it not been for the instinctive desire for exploration in life, the nautilus never would have stirred from its single shell to give us the chambered spiral, nor would mankind have written in struggle and striving the more wonderful life story of the world. A well-known modern essayist has much to say of the fascination of the "secret." It is this continual outreach toward the unknown that has brought the race from helpless infancy to the intelligence of a man full grown.

Time would fail us to mention a tithe of those heroes whose aspirations have enlarged the bounds of life for us: Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, who compelled the silent stars to reveal their mysteries; William Penn and John Howard, who discovered that in the moral and social world faith and kindness are of more avail than cruelty and distrust; Socrates and Plato, who grasped the harmony of true reason and unseen realities; Bacon, who claimed all scientific knowledge as his province.

In all realms—the physical, the aesthetic, the social, the intellectual, the religious—men have been constructing on their given foundation a building which never can be shaken; they have been growing, expanding to fuller life.

"Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,"

sings Holmes. The students of Eastern Nazarene College have not been mistaken in learning of the nautilus. The records of history are not complete. Much has been achieved, but much remains to be done. In engineering, in business, in the arts, in the professions, in philosophy, in Christian statesmanship and Christian missions, there is room for every young man and young woman to develop individual talents and satisfy loftiest aspiration. Without ambition to attain the best a man is worthless.

But the students of Eastern Nazarene College read the lesson further from the Christian point of view. The nautilus speaks to them also of an endless growth in spiritual life: of daring exploration, while life shall last, of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

And finally, the message of the nautilus is the hope of our college. Eastern Nazarene College is small as yet, but she is growing. Just as she has for the past two years added new and higher college classes, so she will continue to advance in educational standards. Each leap ahead will mean new success. Year by year also she must deepen in spirituality and relate herself more wisely to the interests of the Kingdom of God. Though she increased in equipment and in educational standing, without keeping up her growth in God it would profit her nothing. As individuals and as a college we must be able to say with Paul, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Shall we not remember the message brought us by the nautilus and go on and on, building day by day; not "laying up for ourselves treasures on earth," but molding the Christian character, winning souls, and gathering jewels from this earth, with which we can crown Jesus King, when we too at length are free, leaving our "outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

M. N.

A PRAYER FOR VISION

Dear Christ, how little have we understood,
Through all the intervening centuries,
The meaning of Thy dying agonies;
Nailed high in shame on a rough cross of wood
Though to that torture keen of flesh and mind
Methinks Thou wert insensible that day,
While on Thy stainless, quivering spirit lay
The putrefying guilt of all mankind.
Could we but dimly comprehend Thy woe,
Follow Thine anguished gaze across the flood
To souls sin-chained that grope in misery,
And hear Thy broken-hearted voice plead, "Go,
Take them their pardon written in My blood"—
Then would our quickened souls fly swift for Thee.

—*Esther A. Haskard.*

MANAGERIAL

THE Managerial Staff has had a difficult, but victorious campaign in the publication of the 1922 *Nautilus*. One of the hardest problems we had to tackle was bombarding and battering down the sturdy walls of a national financial depression. Furthermore, within the past few years a number of stores have formed a combination in order to free themselves from the necessity of investing their money in advertisements. However, we did not become despondent. We scaled the walls of financial depression, and penetrated, with some degree of success, the combination of stores. In fact, we have proved the oft-tested maxim, "Where there is a will, there is a way."

To the faculty, students, and friends, we wish to express our appreciation of their coöperation in publishing this Annual. Especially to the capable Editor-in-chief are we sincerely grateful, for his helpful suggestions and his coöperation with the Managerial Staff.

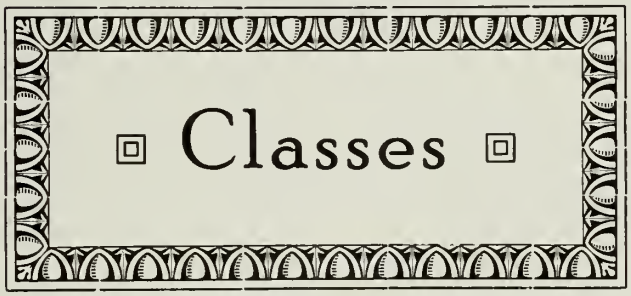
We wish to thank also all those who have contributed to the success of this issue of the *Nautilus* through their advertising, and bespeak for them the patronage of the College and its constituency.

Good luck to the Business Manager of the 1923 *Nautilus!* We trust—in fact, we know—that we are leaving you many loyal and faithful friends, who will stay by when a hard pull comes. We can say truly that we have done our utmost to make the harvest more plentiful for next year. As we leave the field of action, it is with best wishes for your success.

Yours for VICTORY,

JAMES F. CHILTON,

Business Manager.


Classes

THE Christian college is an institution that has made choice of the Christian point of view and is seeking to see every fact and all truth from that position; that instead of quickly accepting every new theory of philosophy or of science, brings these to the test not only of facts but of its own great faith; that aims to educate, but above all is eager to pass on to all generations of men the whole wonder of the fact and of the truth of Christ.

—H. P. Sloan.

COLLEGE DEPARTMET

COLLEGE JUNIOR CLASS

WE, the College Juniors, are what might well be called the "pioneer" class of Eastern Nazarene College. In our Freshman year we numbered thirteen. A few changed their course and still others left entirely. The next year, 1920-21, many new students entered the college and our Sophomore class consisted of fifteen members. We had many good times and all became intensely interested that our college should be the best we could make it.

Accordingly we proved to the faculty and to the rest of the student body our practical loyalty, first by our care for the material welfare of the college. Each spring, as every house-wife knows, some extra cleaning has to be done. This rule holds good at school. After a long winter the campus looks forlorn, and the buildings are dusty and dingy. We devised a plan whereby each class in the institution should have a week in which to keep the campus clean and do as much extra scrubbing, polishing and renovating as possible. A banquet was the reward to be given the class that won in the contest. After a week of superhuman effort, because of the pace that had been set by the other classes, the banquet was ours.

Furthermore, we showed our loyalty by setting the standard of scholarship high. E. N. C. has no great name or fame, but we desired to make the type of scholarship she turns out so high that her standing may be on a level with the best colleges in the country. Our lessons from day to day were prepared as thoroughly as possible, for our instructors helped us to understand that inasmuch as we were the first college class it was our privilege to lift the banner high for those who followed. We hope we have lifted it high enough so that our successors will be obliged to burn the midnight electricity as persistently as we have done.

We tried to remember also that E. N. C. stands for Christian education. Every member of our class knows Christ in saving and sanctifying fullness and is living a life devoted to His cause.

We wish our class were as large in our Junior year as in former years; but some have gone out to preach, and our members this year are very few. Though small, however, we are still as loyal a class as can be found in any college. Our president, Howard Herrschaft, was a graduate of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute at North Scituate, Rhode Island. Mrs. Wayne Gardner, the vice-president, began her college work at Olivet University, Illinois. The secretary-treasurer, Beatrice MacKenney, was also a graduate of the P. C. I. Madeline Nostrand came to us from Taylor University, Indiana. Alice Spangenberg and Esther Haskard have been with the class from the Freshman year.

Our class colors are garnet and gray. Our motto is "Ich Dien"; and we purpose to keep alive the spirit of serving within our hearts throughout our whole lives. We not only desire to be of service to our fellowmen, but are all determined to serve to the best of our ability our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

JUNIORS

HOWARD G. HERRSCHAFT

"Give me, next good, an understanding wife."

BEATRICE H. MACKENNEY

"Nothing is so charming as the coloring of simplicity."

ALICE SPANGENBERG

"Give me some music, music, moody food of us that trade in love."

JUNIORS

ESTHER A. HASKARD

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

MADELINE A. NOSTRAND

"Love understands love; it needs no talk."

MRS. CARRIE L. GARDNER

"The way to a man's heart lies thru his stomach."

SOPHOMORE CLASS

THE class of 1924 organized October 31, 1921. The officers for the Sophomore year were elected in the following order: President, Mr. Russell Harrington of Portland, Maine; Vice-president, Miss Hattie Goodrich of Washington, D. C.; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Annie Archibald of Quincy, Mass. The other members of the class are Miss Dorothy White of Spring Valley, N. Y.; Miss Edith Peirce of Worcester, Mass.; Mr. Edwin Rush of Mannington, W. Va.; and last but not least, as the saying goes, Mr. Leon Fitch of Chepatchet, Rhode Island, the person who gives our youthful class a tone of age and soberness.

Though our class could be enlarged considerably without being actually large, it is not lacking in qualities which make for a loyal, studious band. On account of our tardy organization, class activities have not been very strenuous, but that does not mean that we intend inactivity to be permanent. Some of our members are smacking their lips already in anticipation of—well, that would be telling.

FRESHMAN CLASS

WE are the College Freshman class of 1921-22. Thirteen strong we have joined the ranks of the college department. Some of us you know of old; others of us are new students this year; but we all feel by this time that we are really a part of E. N. C.

It is true that there are just thirteen of us in the class, and that thirteen is usually considered an unlucky number; but we hope to prove to you that we are not an unlucky class.

Our Motto: Non est vivere sed valere vita (Not merely to exist, but to amount to something, is life).

Our Colors: Navy-blue and garnet.

Our Officers: President, Elliott Vaughan: Vice-president, Dorothea Gatchell; Secretary, Alma Shumann; Treasurer, William Herrschaft.

ACADEMY DEPARTMENT

SENIOR CLASS

THE reminiscences of school days are usually of an agreeable nature. The smile plays over the face and the eyes sparkle when one thinks of the many mischievous pranks played in those dear days; the dread with which that fearful Latin conjugation was faced, or that most complex Plane Geometry theorem; and the ecstasies of joy which accompanied the successful conquest of these and other perplexing subjects.

The members of the Senior class of '22 come from nearly all parts of the United States, having formerly taken some academy work at other high schools in the Freshman and Sophomore years. When in 1920 we all came together at Eastern Nazarene College as Juniors, we were filled with excitement and interest. That was one of the most important, and, we can safely say, one of the most pleasant years of our career. The first event of importance was the election of class officers, which gave us as our president Clarence J. Haas, of Haverhill, Mass.

Now the school was forced to take us into account, for we gained the reputation of being the liveliest class in school. It became evident that we should accomplish things in the to-morrows. One of our most important social functions was the Junior-Senior banquet, given about the last of May, in honor of the graduating class of 1921. The Seniors gladly admitted that we surprised them in the excellence of our entertainment and that we did honor to ourselves as well as to them.

Then as we watched the dignified Seniors walk about the campus talking of the great future before them, and of that glorious and exultant graduation day, our hearts beat with anticipation. We were looking forward to the time when we should become Seniors.

The realization has been greater than the anticipation. After registration was completed this year, we found, to our great surprise, that there were seven Seniors. We organized at once, and elected our class officers. Our colors are the same as they were last year—Alice blue and golden brown. Our president is Samuel McLaughlin; our secretary, Drewry Bower; our treasurer, Ruth Durkee.

The year so far has been one of pleasure and hard study combined. The great problems of our lives, in the form of physics experiments and the thoughts of the mighty essayists and poets, have occupied most of our study time.

Some of our class expect to be preachers of the gospel and others are called to spend their lives in the foreign fields as missionaries, telling the wonderful story of Jesus and His love. For these, as well as the other members of the class, we predict a great future. We trust that by their achievements they shall greatly influence the twentieth century toward God and the right.

The aims and aspirations of our academic life have, to a certain degree, been reached through the help of our faithful patient professors, who have been a source of inspiration to us.

SENIORS

Ruth J. Durkee—"The better I am, the worse I get."

Drewry L. Bower—"Yo' all sho' tickle me."

Samuel McLaughlin—"Short in stature, long in thought."

SENIORS

Clarence J. Haas—"Never caught (K) napping."

Stanley J. Urban—"Men of few words are the best men."

Florence O. Green—"It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

JUNIOR CLASS

Motto: Onward and Upward.
Colors: Garnet and Silver.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island have all contributed members to our Junior Class. We are thirteen in number, but we are not in the least superstitious.

We all believe that the Junior year of high school is the best. The Freshman year is the beginning of high-school life, and everything is so strange and unusual that it takes some time for a student to adapt himself to the new routine. The Sophomore year is too ordinary to be very exciting. It is neither the beginning nor the end. The Senior year is a troublesome year, because of the Juniors' custom of annoying the Seniors in every possible way; and because of the plans for graduation and the pressure of studies, it is a busy time.

But the Junior year has been called the "beginning of the end." The routine of school life has become thoroughly familiar, and the Juniors have plenty of time to enjoy the privileges and restrictions of school life. The goal is coming nearer, but the trials and responsibilities of the Senior year have not yet arrived.

Accordingly, a group of lively Juniors, we are going "onward" to enjoy to the full our best year of school life and to make ours the best Junior Class that E. N. C. has ever known.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

OF the seven members who compose the Sophomore class, two hold the necessary offices. Our president, Mr. Charles De Ware of Providence, Rhode Island, and our secretary and treasurer, Miss Flora Chase of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, take keen interest in doing all in their power toward bettering the class. We have adopted "May knowledge increase" as our motto, and Apple-Green and Silver as our colors. We make it our business to keep above the Freshman Class in every way; to surprise the student body by giving them a good time at a social; to show our skill in entertaining the Academy Literary Society; and to let every one know that we are Sophomores.

Each one of us takes pride in keeping our standard high and in acting and speaking as behooves Academy Sophomores.

FRESHMAN CLASS

President: Floyd Stevenson.
Vice-President: Carroll Johnson.
Secretary: Wendell MacDonald.
Treasurer: Helen Haselton.

THE opening year of our College Preparatory work finds the class of 1925 somewhat small in numbers, but composed of individuals who have lofty aims in life. Some of our number are industriously preparing for the gospel ministry; others, for various worthy vocations. While it is yet a little early in the year to determine just what the outcome will be, every one is doing his work with a will, and all are determined to make good.

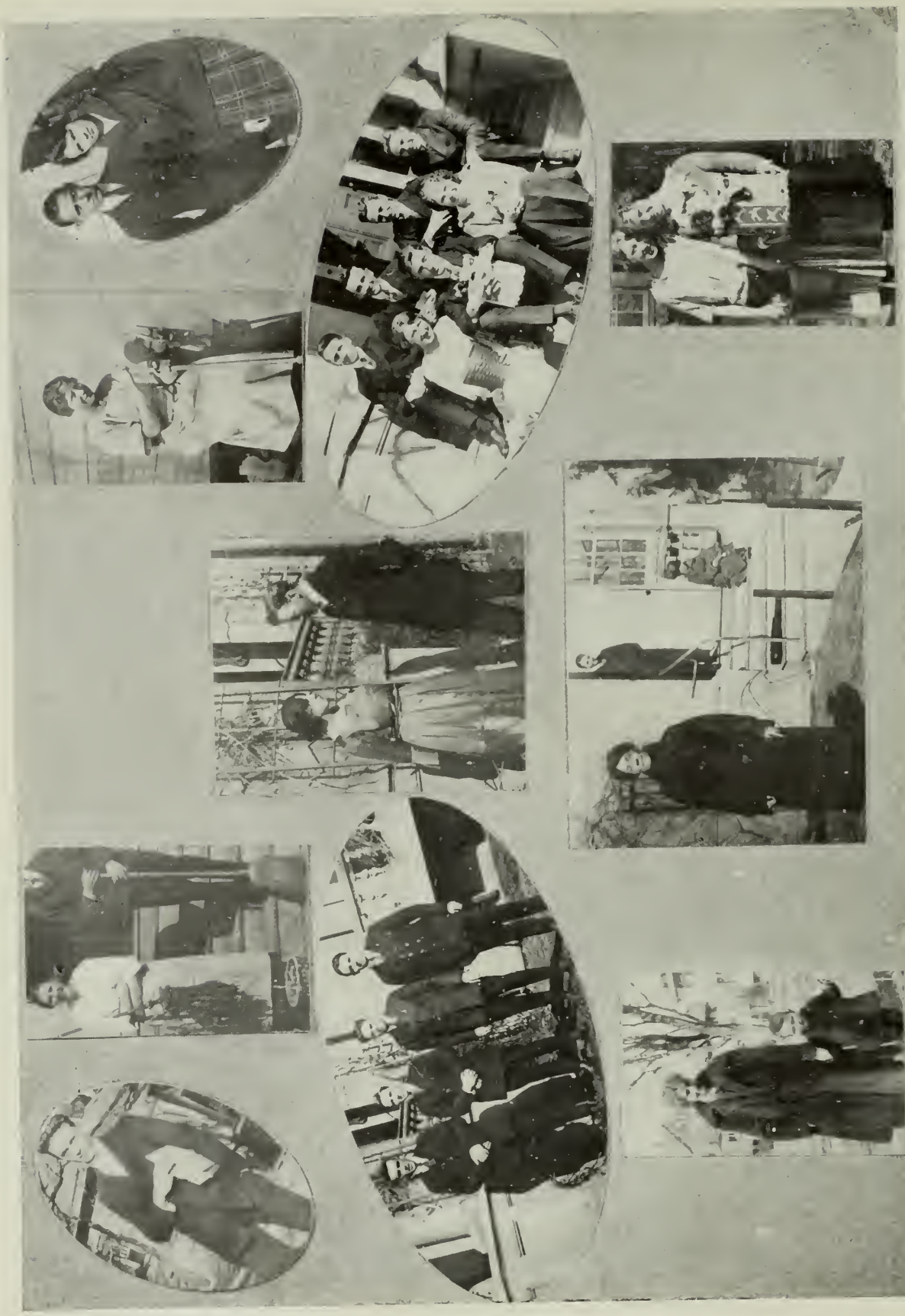
Our class motto is, "Green but Growing," and we certainly expect to grow both intellectually and spiritually. Those of the higher classes who call us "green" evidently overlook the fact that everything in nature that is green has plenty of life.

We have the material, the power and the life; time alone will bring forth the finished product.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

THIS group of young men and women is not a fair representation of the students who are preparing for Christian work, although it does include all who are registered in the English Bible Course or the Preachers' Theological Course. The two young men are preparing for the ministry; six of the young women, for the mission field; and two have not yet definitely decided their life's work.

By far the greater number of the theological students who are preparing for the ministry or the mission field are registered in the College, College Preparatory or Sub-Preparatory Departments.



Organizations

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

Tennyson.

We're All
Posing

STUDENTS' ORGANIZATION

RECOGNIZING the benefits to be derived through organization, the students of Eastern Nazarene College in 1919 formed the Students' Organization of Eastern Nazarene College. This organization became at once active and useful. Through it the students were enabled in the same year to effect the formation of the Students' Coöperative Association, which had full charge of the dining hall. In the spring of the following college year, the officers of the organization planned for each class a "clean-up week." The students responded admirably, and the college property was greatly improved. All rubbish was removed from the campus, every building was cleaned from roof to cellar, all the fruit trees and fruit vines were pruned and the hedges trimmed, and new and much needed furniture and electric appliances were added to the buildings. The work of the Coöperative Association was satisfactorily continued throughout the second year. At the end of the academic year the students, in compliance with the request of the college officers of administration, dissolved the association, and transferred the control of the dining hall to them.

Although the organization has been active during the first two years of its existence, the third year finds its activity, in spite of greater opposing forces, considerably increased. New college colors, a college song, and a college seal have been proposed, and we feel confident will be adopted before this year closes. Of still greater importance is our college Annual. Never before has such a publication been attempted by a student body of this institution. For us to undertake such a task at the present time and under present conditions necessitates our combined and prodigious efforts. We have undertaken the publication of the first *Nautilus* of Eastern Nazarene College not to test our strength and ability and perhaps finally to cause embarrassment to all concerned, but to fulfil our obligation to the people, to the college, and to ourselves, thereby hoping to gain greater satisfaction for ourselves, and wider recognition for our Alma Mater.

The Students' Organization consists of all students of the College of Liberal Arts, of the Academy, of the Theological and Sub-preparatory Departments, and of all special courses. Its officers are President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Sergeant-at-Arms. The qualifications for the offices are as follows. The President and the Vice-President are required to have at least Sophomore standing in the College of Liberal Arts and to have been in attendance at the College for at least one year previous to their election. The Secretary and the Treasurer must have college standing; the Sergeant-at-Arms may be chosen from any of the departments. All officers of the organization "shall be Christians and of accredited class standing."

All officers are elected for a term of one year; no one is permitted to hold office more than one term. The new officers, elected in June, must be inaugurated within three weeks after the opening of the succeeding academic year.

The main working body of the organization is the Executive Council, which is made up of the presidents of the three departments—College, Academy, and Theological—together with the five officers of the organization. All departments are required to organize under constitutions recognized by this Council and the Faculty Council.

The Executive Council has general supervision of the affairs of the student body, including the selection of the staff of the college bi-monthly paper and the college Annual.

Further, this Council has the power to appoint and superintend a standing committee of three who act as intermediary between the Organization and the Faculty on any question of mutual interest. The president of the organization is *ex officio* the chairman of this committee. The Council establishes the following standing committees, and elects the chairman for each: the Publication Committee, the Athletic Committee, the Finance Committee, and the Social Committee.

The purpose of the Students' Organization, as stated in its constitution, is "to organize and effectively carry on those undertakings which affect college life, and to see that this organization is properly represented in its dealings with outside organizations." Such an organization makes possible the realization of many worthy desires of the students. It serves also as a means to the accomplishment, through the combining and uniting of the spirit and effort of the several students, of a much desired end. It is a powerful factor in the creation of what we hear spoken of so much as "spirit," especially "school spirit" or "college spirit": the spirit of organization, of fidelity and loyalty, of good fellowship and responsibility.

—*E. R.*

STUDENTS' ORGANIZATION COUNCIL

T. Edwin Rush, . . . President.
Esther Haskard, . . . Vice-President.
Dorothy H. White, . . . Secretary.
Russell Harrington, . . . Treasurer.
Winfield Gardiner, . . Sergeant-at-Arms.
Howard G. Herrschaft, President of the College Department.
Ernest E. Grosse, . President of the Christian Workers.
Charles Deware, . President of the Academy.

Faculty
Off
Duty

THE ADVANCE

OUR college paper, *The Advance*, can boast a varied and not altogether uninteresting career. *The Advance* had its origin in the old P. C. I. *Heart, Head, and Hand*—veritably of a different species. That was a clever name, however—a suggestive name. The only reason for changing it, when the college changed its location, was that the *Hand* had lost its significance when we left behind the old broom and mop factories. For one year, the paper was published under the very prosaic name of *Eastern Nazarene College Monthly*, until last year the editor-in-chief suggested a better one, *The Advance*. *The Advance* suggests progress, as is indicated by the text on its cover: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." We leave it to the readers to judge whether the paper has not made a long stride ahead of both of its forerunners.

The Advance is an eight-page paper, appearing bi-monthly, or six times a year. One distinct advance it has made over even last year's volume is in the attractiveness of its cover. It is now bound in stiff light-blue paper, with the lettering and a simple border done in black. Its present circulation is not so large as could be desired—about three hundred copies, sent all over the United States, and to South America, Denmark, Africa, and even distant India; but we have faith to believe that as the college and the paper advance, the list of subscribers will lengthen proportionately.

This year, since the students are publishing *The Nautilus*, it was considered best for the faculty to edit *The Advance* in conjunction with them. Another reason for this change was the desire of the management to make the paper function as both a literary product of the students and a disseminator of College propaganda among our constituency. President Shields is Editor-in-chief, with Edith Peirce, C. '24, as Assistant, and Professor Siefarth as Business Manager. Professor Munro acts as Literary Critic. Esther Haskard, C. '23, edits the Religious Notes; and Ethelyn Peavy, C. '25, the Exchange and Alumni Notes. Elliott Vaughan, C. '25, is Subscription Manager; Clarence Haas, A. '22, Circulation Manager; Eulalie Worden, C. '24, and Gladys MacDonald, C. '25, Staff Stenographers.

The Advance aims to give to the college constituency, prospective students, and friends a representative idea of the whole college: its life, social and religious, its literary talent, and its needs. It aims to carry an interest of its own to the members of the Alumni, through its Alumni and College Notes; to the other Nazarene Colleges, through its Exchange Notes; to readers in general, through its literary and religious articles.

Vive l' Avance!

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATIONS

ALTHOUGH Eastern Nazarene College does not participate in interscholastic games, nor sanction organized sports, an athletic spirit is by no means lacking among the majority of the students. We are beginning to realize more and more clearly that a young man or a young woman not only needs to be well developed spiritually and mentally, but must also have a clean, healthy body. Today, as never before, educators are finding that physical culture is necessary for the successful student. We have our literary societies and our various religious organizations—why not, then, our athletic associations?

The Athletic Associations exist for the physical well-being of the student body, but they furnish also normal, wholesome amusement. A friendly spirit of rivalry is often evident between the Boys' Athletic Association and the Girls' Athletic Association; the one is not allowed to excel the other in all the activities.

At Eastern Nazarene College baseball and tennis are made the specialties during the fall and spring, and in the winter everyone is interested in our skating parties. We are hoping that before another year goes by we shall have suitable equipment to play basket-ball. Towards the end of the college year, Field Day exercises are held comprising tennis tournaments, croquet matches and baseball games. They are all participated in with enthusiasm and serve to stimulate interest in athletics.

BRESEEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

THE Breseean Literary Society, made up of college students and such honorary members as may be elected, was organized in the fall of 1919. The society receives its name from Dr. Phineas F. Bresee, the founder of the Church of the Nazarene. The regular meetings, held bi-weekly on Friday evening, include invocation, business session, literary program and critic's report.

Suppose, at the end of a week of hard study, that you were tired of testing baking powder, conjugating Greek verbs or studying Kant's philosophy, and you wanted to get away from a classroom atmosphere. If you were like the rest of us, you would naturally walk across the campus to the Canterbury, go up two flights of stairs, turn into the room on the right and allow our song birds or our aspiring Expression students to make you forget about tartrates and the transcendental Ego for a while. Or, possibly, you have hopes of being a president or an orator some day. The Breseean Literary Society is a splendid place to practice. Others of us are grateful for the current events and literary criticism which increase our fund of general knowledge. But that is not all. Sometimes we actually have ice cream and cake. And then the future presidents and orators, the brain-weary ones, and the rest of us eat, and are glad because of the meetings in the room on the third floor of the Canterbury.

THE ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Motto: "Vita sine litteris mors est."
Colors: Purple and Gold.

EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE would be far from complete if it were not for the activities afforded by the Athenian Literary Society, which meets alternate Friday evenings. The society consists of the members of the Academic, Christian Worker, and Sub-Preparatory departments. Our Society takes its name from Athena, the Greek goddess of wisdom and skill, and we purpose that our work shall manifest both of these characteristics.

The Athenian Literary Society gives well-balanced programs, consisting of debates, readings, piano and vocal solos and other interesting features, which aim to uplift both educationally and spiritually.

The society spirit and the excellent programs are due partly to the inspiration given by our faculty adviser, Professor Hugh C. Benner. Although the Athenian Literary Society has already attained an excellent record, we aim to make it the most beneficial, the most interesting and in every way the very best literary society possible.

EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Motto: We need no greater message than this:
Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

OUR constitution tells us that the object of the Eastern Nazarene College Missionary Society is fourfold: (1) "The creating and maintaining of interest in home and foreign lands along holiness lines; (2) The keeping of the membership in such close relationship with the Lord of the Harvest and the needs of the field that their hearts shall be open to the call for service; (3) The development of the spirit of intercessory prayer and systematic giving for missionary work; (4) The keeping of the school in touch with our missionaries on the field, especially those who have gone out from the College."

But even this lofty, all-embracing aim would avail us little if we did not work prayerfully and earnestly to attain it. How we are working in the school year of 1921-1922, we purpose to tell you in this account of our Missionary Society.

Every Tuesday the Missionary Society, the membership of which includes all the faculty and almost all the students, has charge of the College chapel service. These services constitute the regular meetings of our society, and to them we look (to quote from the constitution again), for "the creating and maintaining of missionary interest," and for "the keeping of the membership in close relationship with the needs of the field." This year we have been devoting each program exclusively to one field, usually the one which is being made the special subject of prayer for that week. The programs consist of missionary songs, readings, and talks on some definite phase of the work. The talks are always stirring and helpful. From time to time missionaries on furlough bring us direct messages from the various fields.

Another means of increasing our missionary knowledge and enthusiasm is the series of contests the society has been holding throughout the year. Prizes were offered for the following: 1, the best collection of missionary hymns to be used in our missionary chapel services; 2, the best essays (one College, one Academy) on a missionary topic; 3, the best missionary poem; 4, the best missionary notebook containing enlightening statements on missionary work by prominent people, telling statistics, diagrams and charts, biblical references, snap-shots of missionaries, and any other pertinent information.

The missionary prayer meeting is held every Tuesday evening before study hours. The names of all our Nazarene missionaries on some one field (Africa, for example) are posted at the rear of the chapel throughout each week; while not limiting ourselves in the prayer meeting exclusively to that particular field, we do concentrate our prayers upon it, and remember as many as possible of the missionaries by name. To these meetings we are sure we owe much of "the development of the spirit of intercessory prayer for missionary work" that we know has been ours this year.

And how do we attend to "the development of the spirit of systematic giving for missionary work"? First and foremost by the missionary pledges which we, as individuals, make every year toward the missionary pledge of the Society. October 4 was the day set

apart this year for the making of these pledges. Dr. Gibson first spoke to us, taking as her text the motto of our College paper, *The Advance:* "Speak to the Children of Israel that they go forward." Ex. 14:15. She suggested the startling thought that if we gave less than last year it meant that we approved of retrenching our missionary activities; if we gave the same amount as last year, it meant that we advocated keeping up the present work, but not advancing it; and if we gave more than last year it meant that we wished to "go forward." Professor Nease then demonstrated to us by "cold mathematical calculations" in which he divided the approximate cost of evangelizing the heathen countries by the number of Christian people in the world, that our individual money debt to the heathen is $62.50 a year for the rest of our lives. The goal we had set for the Society this year was $1,000, and great was our joy and thanksgiving when we found we had actually pledged that amount. The Missionary Society also sets aside a week each year as Self Denial Week, supports a leper, gives $250 a year to Home Missions, and raises over $100 each year in mite box collections.

The College is kept in touch with missionaries on the field through the correspondence committee, whose duty it is to write personal letters to as many as possible of the missionaries each year. This year we also sent questionnaires to one or more of our representatives on each field. Through their replies we obtained information which was of great interest and value to the Society as a whole, and particularly to the prospective missionaries.

Our motto—"We need no greater message than this: Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world"—was given us by Miss Eva Carpenter, who, on her furlough home from India, addressed the Missionary Society. She pictured the life of the missionary in India: the hardships, the prejudices and the indifference of the people, the smothering darkness of heathendom with its misery and its awful need, until it seemed as if the task of a missionary were an impossible one, as if nothing could reach and lift such a people—and then she added simply, "We need no greater message than this: Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world." Then we remembered the words of Jesus Himself, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." We, the Missionary Society of Eastern Nazarene College, are particularly blessed and honored of God, inasmuch as He has called over twenty of our number for work in the missionary lands. And as they go out from us to labor in the great harvest field we can send them, not without some knowledge of the superhuman task that awaits them, but with the certainty that they will "need no greater message than this: Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world."

OFFICERS

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY

EVERY Sunday evening at seven o'clock our Young People's Society holds its meetings. These gatherings are primarily for prayer and praise and are conducted wholly by the young people. After the opening hymns and prayer, one of the members gives a talk, and the rest of the time is devoted to testimony. Thus all have some share in the meeting, but the leaders are principally those preparing for Christian work.

This past year God has been with us and wonderfully blessed us with His presence. We often have visitors from the town and are trusting the Lord to work in their hearts. The Holy Spirit manifests Himself in marvelous ways, and it is frequently difficult to close the praise service to make way for the regular evening evangelistic service.

We do not keep these times of blessing to ourselves, however, but endeavor to let our light shine in other places. During the month of November a gospel team took charge of the young people's services in the Methodist Church.

We praise the Lord for His blessing, and press on with increasing zeal and a stronger determination to work for Him.

PROSPECTIVE MINISTERS AND MISSIONARIES

IN the midst of our school activities we find that a large proportion of the students have answered God's call to definite Christian work. Many of these who are now enrolled in our College and Academy, as well as our Christian Workers' and Theological Departments, are our future pastors and evangelists. Others are diligently preparing for service on the needy foreign field. All of these are fully surrendered and consecrated to God's service and often express their deep longing to enter upon their life work.

This condition is perfectly normal; for the experience of entire sanctification wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit, for which the college stands, is the great impelling force to evangelism. It is to the Nazarene Colleges that the Nazarene Church of tomorrow must look for leaders in the fight against sin and deadening formalism. And God is faithful. In answer to prayer He is continuing to call others into His great vineyard.

THE AMPHICTYON COUNCIL

"WHAT does this mean? What kind of society is this?" you ask. Its original, the Amphictyonic Council, was a celebrated religious congress which met twice every year at Delphi and Thermopylae. The duties of the Council were primarily religious, and were connected with the care of the temple of Apollo at Delphi.

The aim of the Amphictyon Council at Eastern Nazarene College is to create and foster by every possible means an interest in History. The Council, which was organized November 1, 1921, is composed of about thirty members of Professor Benner's classes in European, Ancient, Church, and American History and Civics.

MATHEMATICS SOCIETY

Motto: Efficiency our Exponent.

THE Mathematics Society of our college was organized this year for the purpose of creating a more lively interest in the subject of mathematics.

There is a marked tendency in our Holiness colleges—and Eastern Nazarene College is no exception—to assign mathematics a low rank in the curriculum, giving the classics the place of chief importance. Our first year class in mathematics, the only mathematics course required, is one of the largest classes in the college; whereas the more advanced courses, which are elective, enroll from two to six persons. The students composing these classes in Calculus and Analytics are looked upon by other members of the college as freaks and, in a sense, outcasts from the human family.

The Mathematics Society purposes to counteract this proneness to ostracize the mathematician and his science, and in return to give him the honor due him. From time to time we have had lectures on The Human Worth of Mathematics, The Field of Mathematics and How to Study It, Mathematical Recreations, The Mathematics of the Ancients, Religio Mathematica.

These lectures have proved inspiring and beneficial and have given new impetus to our aim as a society. Socials imbued with mathematical enthusiasm have also added zest to our work.

We have chosen as our motto, Efficiency our Exponent; for we believe that in proportion as we become efficient in mathematics we shall be efficient in other activities. We expect before another *Nautilus* appears to have everyone rooting for mathematics and to see the advanced classes as large as the elementary!

THE GERMAN CLUB

THE German club was organized in November, 1921, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Wayne Gardner; Vice-President, Esther Haskard; Secretary-Treasurer, Russell Harrington. The members consist of all students who are now studying German, and of those who have discontinued the subject after two years or more. A club of this type is a decided help to both classes of its membership. To those who are beginning German, there is the very marked benefit of conversing with older students who have a working knowledge of the language. Those who have discontinued the study of German find that such advantages as the club offers are absolutely necessary if they expect to retain their proficiency. For all members, the club supplements the work of the class-room, and makes the language something more than a myriad of nouns which must be declined, or a series of verb conjugations which must be guessed at and worried over. Of course the club is still young, but almost all young things grow!

MUSIC AND EDUCATION

THE educational status of a nation may be judged by the type of music that it appreciates. An organization may be so estimated, and the individual can rank no higher than the tastes that his education has cultivated. True he may be efficient in some line of mental endeavor—an intellectual tradesman, as it were; but the word education has a broader meaning.

The greatest teachers of philosophy of all time recognize this fact. The Greeks seem to have seized intuitively on what we with laborious effort are striving for; namely, a well rounded education, which includes not merely the manual arts even in the broader sense, but also the finer arts.

As an introduction some observations are quoted which will afford background. George Eliot says there is none of man's moods and passions, save perhaps the extremes of pain and grief, which music cannot control; without any reservation there is none for which it cannot provide some mode of expression. William James advises carrying out some definite good resolve after listening to music lest the indulgence of emotional states should destroy the healthy balance of feeling and action. Plato's definition of music is "the movement of sound such as will reach the soul for the education of it in virtue." Making due allowance for the dramatic, Shakespeare is convincing when he says,

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
* * * * *
Let no such man be trusted."

There may of course be some like Charles Lamb sentimentally disposed to harmony but organically incapable of a tune!

The college is an institution of education. A considerable portion of its duty is to formulate standards. Formerly its purpose was exclusively cultural, but the modern tendency seems to be towards what we choose to call practical service. In this "Third Renaissance," as Galsworthy calls the present period, the two aims must be combined. Men clutch selfishly at material benefits, and so the trend of education seems to have been somewhat in the direction of "mental tradesmanship;" but—can the purely "efficient" mind without culture produce anything of really high standard? This kind of education must of necessity develop miserably inferior standards at best.

Another responsibility of the college is that of refining the minds of its students. Music is a Literature containing thoughts that are elevating, inspiring and power-giving; a Literature as imposing and rich in its content as can be found. It is clear that it must be studied to be understood. Instead of, "This composition is good because I like it, and bad because I do not like it" the reverse will prevail. Settlement and social center work is taking care of the tastes of the poor; the college must look after the refining of its circle.

Ralph Adams Cram says, "I conceive art to be an indispensable means toward the achievement of that which is the end and object of education; namely, the building of character." Music purely as such is capable of exercising directest moral influence. The only thing that can kill an idea is another idea. When one listens to a masterpiece, invari-

ably the higher and more ennobling thoughts crowd out the petty and mean; these are not compatible with harmony.

There is a conscientiousness of work demanded in the study of music that develops character. The happy-go-lucky I-hope-I-may-reach-the-goal attitude can not be tolerated in music. One hearing of a performance by such a type of individual will confirm the statement and make further explanation absolutely unnecessary. The accuracy, mental speed and muscular coördination required in the playing of a piece of piano literature has a disciplinary effect on character that is positively unrivaled. This you say makes for material efficiency—yes—but is not character made up of the same elements: conscientiousness, accuracy and coördination?

I think there is nothing in the college curriculum that stirs the soul as does music. My soul is the real "me": that which lives on and on. Music erects no barrier between the soul and the object of its craving; it is the keenest expression of the joy and pathos of life and supplies that necessity for utterance where words fail. Truly, music is the medium of expression of the soul.

The college in its effort to prepare for life, has planned its baccalaureate courses in accordance with the belief that its graduates should be fairly well grounded in certain subjects which in later years touch life continually and also in subjects of general utility. Music surely is included in the former, if not in the latter classification. Have you ever thought how many times in a day—a week—a month—a year—you hear or participate in music? Among the intellectual activities of man there is none more universally engaged in than music. Millions of dollars are spent annually upon it. We, in the United States, spent nine hundred millions of dollars last year on music. And another thing—the limitation of labor hours means that art and literature will be no longer the property of the few.

No serious thinker will disregard the needs of the emotional nature. Imagination forbids the mind to remain content with analysis; it constantly seeks a synthesis, which is found in terms of emotional reaction. These facts are illustrated in the music from primitive to complex civilization. Among the Greeks it was a national expression because it was the natural efflorescence of that physical and mental vigor and poise which had become the ideal of the race. Theirs was the most prolific and harmonious culture of all times and has proved that the aesthetic value of an art of form has its significance in the interpretation of life. There still survives to some extent the tradition of asceticism—the dim association of learning with a mediæval idea of self-mortification, with the monk's cell which for many generations was its only home; but the world has seen its failure.

He truly lives who recognizes the unity of all life.

"All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone."

If the college could be considered an epitome of the world, a microcosm in which the activities of human life operate in duplicate upon a reduced scale, then the assignment of a place to the fine arts and particularly to music would not be difficult, since the part played by art in civilization has been so adequately revealed by history. It is linked to the fundamentals: emotion, will, intellect, conscience, religious sentiment and mystical yearnings.

"Music is the harmonious voice of creation, an echo of the invisible world, one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound."

Vera F. Richards.

MALE QUARTETTE

Authur W. Gould
Ray De P. Haas
Charles E. Deware
Douglas M. Betts

STRING QUARTETTE

Rolla B. Benner
Russell Harrington
R. Wayne Gardner
Hugh C. Benner

THE GLEE CLUBS

SPEAKING about Glee Clubs, we have a Boys' and a Girls' Glee Club at E. N. C., which have combined this year as a chorus. We have thirty-two members, and we meet once a week for practice. Sacred choral selections from oratorios are being used as well as other Glee Club pieces.

Thus far very good results have been obtained. Later the chorus is to work on a cantata. Of course we do not claim that we have a Mary Garden or a Caruso, but we do say that we have some capable members with real ability. The president of the G. G. C. can certainly sing her way into the hearts of people, and the quartet of the B. G. C. surely does produce the winning thrill in its songs. Those outside of the college have highly appreciated the chorus and commended its work.

ORCHESTRA

HUGH C. BENNER, Conductor

1st Violin
Rolla B. Benner
R. Wayne Gardner
Russell W. Harrington
Dorothea M. Gatchell
Dorothy P. Peavey

Cello
Ethelyn B. Peavey

Bass
Chas. E. Deware

Horn
Fletcher Chilton

2nd Violin
Carrie Gardner
Mabel Ward
Peter Tourinho
Dorothy White
Frances Wilson

Trumpet
Clarence Haas
Howard Herrschaft

Clarinet
William Herrschaft
Elliot Vaughan

Alice Spangenberg, *Pianist*
Beatrice MacKenney, *Soprano*

Literary and College Life

THE end of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, and to be like Him.

Milton.

THE GUIDING STAR

A SUDDEN, midsummer thunder shower marred the calm surface of a warm July day, brought a refreshing breeze, and as suddenly disappeared. The Girl was sitting at her west window, watching the sun blaze his way through the clouds, lighting up every leaf and blade with a dazzling glory. She looked at the sunset a bit sadly. It recalled memories of other sunsets. She remembered how she had imagined her influence and her work could light up darkened lives, just as the summer sunset had lighted the world. A slum worker or a nurse perhaps she would be. At the end of every day, there had always been the provision, she could return home and receive the attention of devoted parents and friends who would make her comfortable and give her a word of praise for her efforts. But for all her dreaming, she had not brought happiness even to one little urchin. She sighed, as we all sigh when reality sticks its sharp pin-point into the bubble of our fondest hope. The sun slipped behind the western hills, leaving the last lingering lights of day, and then darkness. Still the Girl sat by the window, staring blankly into the night.

Just how long she sat there she could not tell. Before, on other summer evenings, the dim, rose-colored future with its triumphs and achievements had been the object of her musings. Now, the present had awakened her with a start to the fact that she was a dreamer, a miserable misfit. The idea of dreams getting anyone anywhere! She had aspired to so much; she had accomplished so little. Was there no hope of ever finding her work?

Through the window she could see that stars had taken the place of the sunset. Before, they had never supplied her with inspiration for her future life. Infinitely many of them shone at night, yet they succeeded very poorly in shedding as much light as only one sun. Stars before had been for her small, insignificant creations. Now, she marvelled at the faithfulness of each star as it cheerfully did its share to help illumine the world. She remembered that it was not the blazing sun in its course across the heavens, but the guiding light of a single star, out of an infinitesimal multitude that had led the shepherds to the Christ Child.

With a dawning revelation the Girl cried out, "O God, I'd rather not be a sun any more. Please make me a star!"

And God, the Maker of suns and stars, heard, and said to the seeking heart in His unmistakable voice, "Africa."

The girl understood, and in a clear, unwavering tone answered, "Thank you, God."

It did not matter now if she could not return home every evening and receive the kind cheer and comfort of her friends. It did not matter if she could never be famous, if she should live secluded and unknown in that heathen country,—all these considerations had been swept away since the Almighty had spoken. He had said only one word, but His voice was irresistible, satisfying, and far more beautiful than any voice she had ever heard before. She rose and left the window.

The days that followed were busy days. It was necessary that she become better educated, and that an outfit be prepared. She worked hard. People wondered at the certain, quiet steadiness of her character that had never manifested itself before. Then the news spread that she was going to Africa.

It was well that God had spoken definitely to her on that evening. Wise, well-meaning

folk charged nothing for advice and gave it freely. But the Girl kept unswervingly to the divine plan for her life. "It is only another dream," one said. "It would be better for her to stay at home," another declared. "Can it be God's will that such a frail young thing go to a heathen country?" Many wondered. But little boys with toy guns could as easily have blasted Gibraltar.

At last the time came to go to the far country. Friends were still puzzling over her choice, and it was to the note of "Can it be God's will?" that she left.

After miles and miles of ocean, there stretched across the horizon, one clear day, a narrow strip of land. It was Africa. It started a queer little thrill around the Girl's heart, as if she were finding something that she had been seeking for a long, long time.

Things were strange at first. The huts of palm sticks and leaves, the ground bristling with bare tree trunks, the general shabbiness and destitution were characteristically African. Soon she began to go among the people. The little black girls wondered why they smiled when she was near. They were not accustomed to love. The women, too, liked to have her visit them. She ministered to them in sickness and always cheered them with her sunny words and ways.

Gradually the men of the village began to be alarmed. Why was it that their women and children went to the mission station? It would displease the spirits. They often talked about Jesus. Who was He? The men decided to tolerate the situation only a little longer. They would beat their wives, torture them, kill them, if need be, to stop them from paying attention to the missionaries. But they did not deny the altered, hopeful spirit of the women.

But there came a time when the white-faced girl appeared no longer among the black-faced people. The little children hungered for a sight of her. The mothers felt the monotony of the day without her cheerful presence. Even the men missed her kind words and her pleasant smile. For days the Girl lay in her darkened room, tossing nervously with the fever. The other missionaries tended her faithfully. Their faces became graver and graver as she grew weaker and weaker. When an occasional native woman or child would ask for her, the other missionaries only shook thir heads sadly. A shadow seemed to overhang the whole village.

One sultry day the crisis came. For awhile, her recovery seemed possible. One of the missionaries heard her murmuring over and over something about the sun and the stars. But the Girl tarried only a few more moments in the land of sun and stars, and then journeyed to the land where they need no sun.

The village was desolate. The guiding light had been taken away. Children came to their mothers with tears in their eyes and begged them to bring back the Girl.

In her native land folk were pleased to repeat the same old refrain: "It was not God's will." They seemed quite sure of it.

In the African village the natives, even the men, came oftener than ever to the mission station. If they could not see the girl, it was the next best thing to be where she had spent her last days on earth. But gradually the messages of the other missionaries began to affect them. God, as He often does, took away from them the dearest and best that they had, in order to accomplish His will for their lives. Soon the village women, men and children had accepted the message of the Cross.

And at home, when the people heard that the girl's death had led a whole village to Christ, they opened not their mouths.

—Alice Spangenberg.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE COLLEGE

FOR a student of some other college The Religious Life of the College might be an embarrassing subject; but to the writer of this article it is a delight to state truthfully that at Eastern Nazarene College life is distinctly religious.

During the month of December a stranger—a minister of another denomination—visited us and addressed us at the chapel hour. He was deeply impressed with the clear spiritual atmosphere which pervaded the place; also, with the glowing faces of the faculty and many of the student body, and with the beautiful spirit manifested in devotion. This brother did not happen to come on a special occasion, but rather on an ordinary day. We are sure that the conscious presence of God which he saw and felt was not the unusual, but the usual with us. We feel the necessity of His continuous presence in our midst.

Our singing is heartily "unto the Lord." Not only the chapel exercises and other religious services, but often laundry, kitchen, dormitories and campus resound with joyful songs of salvation.

How glad we are that those who break the bread of life to us have pure hearts which cause them to "rightly divide the Word of truth." Nothing is added, nothing is taken from this chart of our lives. The wholesome teaching of the Bible, free from higher criticism, does not fail to influence our lives for good. Many can testify to a greater love for the precious Book because of new beauties seen in it as the Scriptures have been unfolded by reverent teachers. Moreover, we have a greater determination than before to defend its teachings and hold fast to "the faith of our fathers."

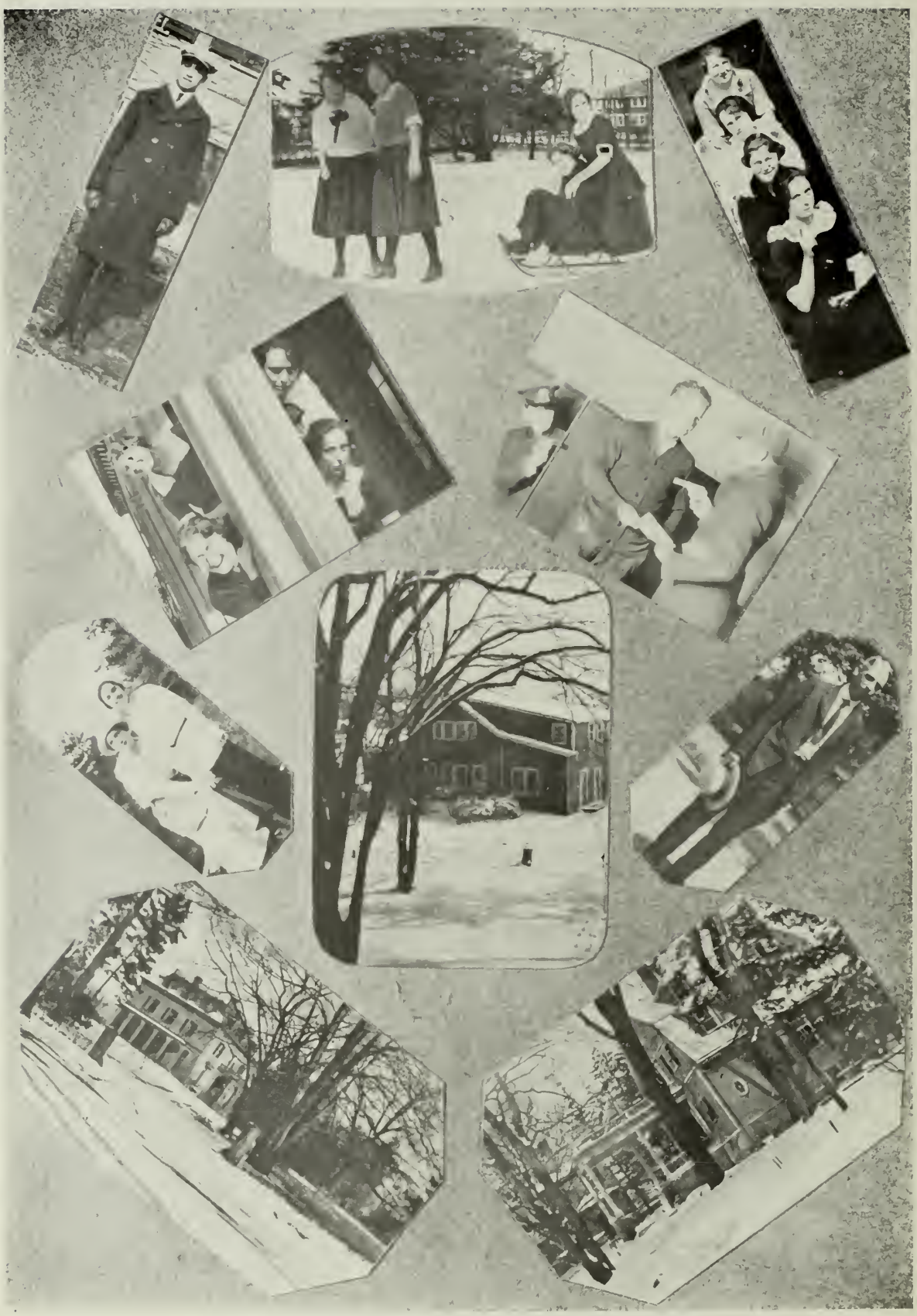
Our "Bible Readings" never fail to be a blessing. These are occasional and informal; they are usually given at the chapel hour. They consist of individual Bible verses which have proved a source of help, comfort, or strength.

Spontaneous testimonies of salvation are sometimes given in the chapel and the dining room in answer to the question, "Has any one a notice to give?"

The Psalmist said, "Evening, morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud and He shall hear my voice." In accord with his example, prayer meetings have been the special feature of our religious college life during the year. Faculty prayer meetings, missionary prayer meetings, young men's prayer meetings, young women's prayer meetings, class room prayer meetings, Saturday night prayer meetings, plus individual prayers, have not failed to bring into our midst the Divine Presence. We should mention especially the Saturday evening prayer meetings in "the upper room" (one room in the Canterbury has been designated "the prayer room"). Here some of the girls and women have gathered after ten o'clock to wait before the Lord in prayer and sometimes to wrestle until morning hours. The spirit of travail has resulted in new-born souls on the Sabbath.

At present not every student is a channel through which the Holy Spirit can indite prayers; not every heart has been tuned to "sing praises unto the Lord"; not every young man and young woman can say, "O how love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day." But we who have found the law a delight, praise comely, and prayer a necessary part of our lives, are determined to hold fast our profession and labor to win to our number those who have not found the Lord our Saviour.

—*G. M. B.*



COLLEGE REVERIES

MONDAY MORNING

HOW refreshing, exhilarating, delightful are beginnings and endings. It is only the tedious, humdrum in-between that exhausts and discourages. My sixth birthday came and passed all too slowly, for I was fairly on tip-toe with eagerness to begin going to school —the strangely wonderful Elysium that my sisters visited each day. But as the slow, long years lumbered on—one, two, three, and so on up to eight and nine, it was only the glad ending season that heartened me to keep pressing forward. And when that long-elusive time did come, how satisfying to glance back over those years and sigh, "At last, at last, at last—the end!" Since then each succeeding year of school life is but a repetition of that experience—impatience for the coming of September, and breathless, joyous relief when a certain much-dreamed-of day in June dawns. The coming and going of each week gives me this same feeling—pleased anticipation of the beginning, refreshing contentment at the end, and then longing to begin again. Blue Mondays are nightmares of the ever dimming past. Even each new day bears out the same consideration. The morning hints of hidden allurements which draw me on, and the night-time brings rest and sleep.

—E. H.

IN THE STUDIO

THERE are rare moments in our lives when angels carry us away from the commonplace and gently take us to the realm of the sublime, so that we are utterly insensible to the things around us. Such a moment came into my life yesterday. It happened in my music teacher's studio. In order to help me to understand better the style of Bach's compositions, she played one of them to me.

It does not matter that I do not remember the name of the piece. That is insignificant. But I shall always remember that beautiful music. As my teacher played, the sense of my immediate surroundings gradually slipped away. At first it seemed that I could see soldiers marching away to war; then I could hear the angry snarl of a whirlpool as it swished in all its fury; in rapid succession beautiful butterflies flitted across sunlit fields; along came Indians singing their weird songs; then I caught the musical laughter of happy children on their way home from school. But the music stopped too suddenly. In a sense I came back to earth, but ever since, the spirits occasionally carry me back again and I can even now hear the angry snarl of that whirlpool.

—A. S.

IMAGINATION

IMAGINATION is a queer little elfin sprite. Give it a chance, and it will take us from the cat that ran out of an alley in New York City to the chopsticks in China, and then back again to the leaves that fell last year on the lawn of the lady who lives across the street.

One morning as I was walking along the street, two small children of about the same age came along, one a boy and the other a girl. Between them they carried a small pocketbook clasped tightly in their chubby little fingers. I couldn't help admiring their homely faces and important manners. They were going to the store, you know. The little girl looked at me with her grave dark eyes, which were as round as the pennies in my pocket, and then I pulled out two of the pennies and gave one to the little girl, and one to the little boy.

After they were out of sight, Imagination started in to talk. "Yes," he said, "you know what they'll do with that money. They'll buy penny candy, which is plain trash. Some is actually poisonous. Then they'll eat it and perhaps die."

For a minute I was inclined to believe Imagination, but I saw those children again this morning and they're not dead yet.

—*A. S.*

DREAMING

DREAMING is no less intoxicating than alcohol, and, I had almost said, no less demoralizing. In one sense it is even a greater menace to the common welfare; for it cannot be outlawed, as alcohol has been, by an amendment to the constitution. Neither can one's system be freed from its poison by a gold cure. The only possible legislation against it must be enacted in the individual will, and, as the drunkard's, so the dreamer's will is almost too benumbed to act. Both miscreants find the allurements discouragingly broadcast and irresistible. When the reeling, roistering drunk sobers up, and realizes what a fool he has been, the world scolds him for ever allowing himself to touch liquor again; but every dreamer ought to understand. For just as the aroma of the tempting spirits greeted him nearly everywhere he went, until recently, so the fragrant perfumes of Nature arising from the salt sea, the woodland leaves and flowers, and the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will entice us dreamers. And once within their grip we cannot choose but dream. But I hear a sigh of protest, thus: "That is forcing a comparison; dreaming is good." Yes, you are right. Alcohol is good, too—in small doses as a medicine. But as a beverage it unfits one to fill one's place in the world. And—take the word of a dream victim for it—dreaming produces the same effects.

—*E. H.*

FROM THE LIBRARY WINDOW

VAGUE, wandering thoughts flit through my mind as I gaze at the sturdy oak just outside the library window, clothed with its tanned leaves while the elm boughs visible above it are leafless and grey. The Oak was long ago crowned king of the forest because of his mighty strength.

In strength there is a subtle, indefinable appeal to our admiration. The person whom we love best may, indeed, be frail and weak, yet whenever we think abstractly of our ideal, it is always an image of strength we conjure up. We picture a being tall, broad-shouldered, well proportioned, having a high forehead and keen, intelligent eyes—not stern, but kindly strong—a human oak.

On the contrary, nothing is so piercingly pathetic as the prostration of the strong. We may pity the bending or broken birch tree, but we tremble with awe and sorrow as the towering oak comes crashing to the ground. And there is no heart left in us as we contemplate a tottering Samson, a crazed Swift, or a chained Napoleon. A dread wail seems to echo down the years, "How are the mighty fallen!"

—*E. H.*

THE RELIGION OF A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PHYSICIAN

WE are all familiar with the religious point of view of Milton, the scholar, and of Bunyan, the humble tinker-preacher; known only to the curious student of literature is another great religious thinker of the seventeenth century—Sir Thomas Browne, the physician. Himself a busy man of science, his outlook, as we see it in his best-known work, *Religio Medici* (The Religion of a Physician), is broad, sane, kindly, reverent.

He tells us, "There are two books from whence I collect my divinity: besides that written one of God, another of his servant nature, that universal and public manuscript that is exposed unto the eyes of all." His definition of nature shows us his conception of the relation of nature to God. "Nature," he says, "is that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds." Incidentally, his definition of music is likewise inspiring in its relating of music to God. He declares, "Music is a sensible bit of that harmony which intellectually ever sounds in the ears of God."

That Sir Thomas Browne not only studied his divinity in God's written and God's created word, but also applied it with rare insight, we see in his essay on Charity. He lived in an age of unrelenting religious warfare among the Catholic Church, the Church of England, and the Puritans, yet he says of the Bishop of Rome: "I confess there is a cause of passion between us; by his sentence I stand excommunicated, heretic is the best language he affords me; yet can no ear-witness say I ever returned him the name of Antichrist or Man of Sin. It is the method of charity to suffer without reaction. A good cause needs not to be pardoned by passion, but can sustain itself upon temperate dispute. My conscience would give me the lie if I should absolutely detest or hate any essence but the devil, or at least abhor anything but that we might come to composition." He keenly realizes the difference between the charity of the world and the charity of Christians; he makes us realize it afresh when he says, "It is a happiness to be born and framed under virtue, and to grow up from the seeds of nature, yet if we are directed only by our particular natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rule than that of our reasons, we are but moralists; divinity will still call us heathen. Therefore this great work of charity must have other motives, ends, and impulsions. He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity doth not this so much for his sake as for his own; for by compassion we make others' misery our own, and so by relieving them we relieve ourselves also. I give no alms to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the will of God. I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but His that enjoined it."

In the other sense of the word charity, his charity is broad and deep enough to include all mankind. The Pharisaical, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are" attitude is so un-Christlike that we would tremble to find the slightest tinge of it in ourselves; but Sir Thomas Browne, with his clear insight, shows us the danger we are in of unconsciously taking this attitude. "I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances there is something in it of devotion. I could never think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all; that is, in silence and dumb contempt."

In his essay *Un-man not Thyself*, we may find the secret of his lofty, calm outlook on the unrest of his age in the advice, "Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles. Ascend into invisibles, fill thy soul with spirituals, with the mysteries of faith, the magnitudes of religion, and thy life with the honor of God; without which, though giants in wealth and dignity, we are but dwarfs and pigmies in humanity, and may hold a pitiful rank in that triple division of mankind into heroes, men, and beasts."

Such thinking could not fail to awaken in him a deep realization of the transitoriness of human life. "The consciousness of mortality" was very strong in Browne when he said, "And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams, to those of the next, as the phantoms of the night to the conceit of the day."

But his deep thinking on the truths of God did not fail to awaken also in him a sublime faith in God. "Me hinks there be not impossibilities enough in Religion for an active faith." That is Sir Thomas Browne's view in regard to the much-discussed question of faith in miracles. He adds, "I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, 'Certum est quia impossible est.' (It is certain because it is impossible.) I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders: then had my faith been thrust upon me; nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and see not."

Of the verity of God's guidance as opposed to chance Browne was supremely confident. "Human reason," he declares, "would have said that mere chance conveyed Moses in the ark to the sight of Pharaoh's daughter. What a labyrinth is there in the story of Joseph, able to convert a Stoic! Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two several agents, upon a maxim of reason we may promise the victory to the superior: but when unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought-of occurrences intervene, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to these maxims; where, as in the writing upon the wall, we may behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it."

Thus we see in Sir Thomas Browne a rare balance of saneness and exaltation. His saneness never becomes materialism; his exaltation never becomes fanaticism. Lacking the intolerance and bigotry that have characterized many reformers of the church, but not lacking in spiritual insight, he achieved the practical, reasonable, living faith of a true Christian layman.

—*Edith C. Peirce.*

EXTRACTS FROM "LETTERS HOME"

"Written by An Academy Sophomore."

Eastern Nazarene College,
Wollaston, Mass.
Sept. 7, 1921.

Dear Folks at Home:

I have arrived safe and sound—and surprised! Why, the pictures in the catalogue must be as old as the hills. They don't half do justice to this place! I can't write much because I'm too excited, and too busy. My trunk came this afternoon, and I would have had it all unpacked by now, but I just remembered that I must write to you, and the mail goes in a few minutes. I am rooming with a lovely girl from out West somewhere, and she isn't a bit "wild and woolly," but she does have some of the funniest ideas. Tomorrow we register. I must stop now, for the mailman is coming.

Your loving daughter,

———

P. S. Oh! I forgot to say that I didn't lose my money, and the buildings and grounds are lovely, and the faculty seems to be very nice, but sort of dignified.

Same Place,
Oct. 1, 1921.

Dearest Mother:

Your box came this morning, "an' shure an' it's more than thankful phwat Oi am," as Pat says. Everything tasted so good, after the food we get. Now don't get the idea that we don't have enough, or that it isn't good, 'cause we do, and it is! But I miss the variety so! Nothing but meat, gravy, potatoes; gravy, meat, potatoes; and potatoes, gravy, meat, all the time.

. . . . . .

And it's so hard to get used to the rules. Every time you turn around you have to ask permission, almost. Why, I can only speak to Jack two or three times a day for five minutes. And I've lived next door to him all my life! But then all the girls say that they have to have association rules, so I'm submitting as graciously as I can. But I don't see why!

. . . . . .

Last night we had a "social" down in the gymnasium. It was given to the students by the faculty, and we called it a Getting Acquainted Social. We had a very nice time, and the faculty *can* laugh! Love to all.

Yours, ———

Nov. 6, 1921.

Mrs. M. L. J., E. N. C., Wollaston, Mass.
Ridgewood, N. J.

My dear Madam:

I write you as president of the Young Women's Athletic Association of Eastern Nazarene College. I wish to inform you that—Oh! what's the use? I can't be president of anything when I'm writing letters. Yes, I'm elected, and Hallowe'en night we gave a social to

the Y. M. A. A. down in the gym. It looked so pretty! There were corn shocks, and pumpkins and red leaves in abundance, to say nothing of black cats, owls, a real witch and a weird atmosphere. For refreshments we served pumpkin pie with whipped cream, apples and peanuts. Everybody had a good time, too.

. . . . . .

The boys have a hobby of baseball. Every Saturday morning they go over to Merrymount Park (has anyone ever told you that this was a very historic country?) and have a game. Last year they used to play College vs. Academy, they say, but they haven't done it yet this year. We girls go over once in a while to cheer them along. (It's the strangest thing; some of the girls can decide which team they're for right away. I can't, but generally end up with my sympathies all for the losers.)

Nov. 20, '21.

Dear Everybody:

This is the lonesomest place on Sunday! I don't know what to do with myself, and the afternoon seems *so* long. Most of the girls go to sleep during quiet hour, but I'm always so cross when I wake up that I don't want to do that. I'm never sleepy, anyway. I forgot to tell you what "quiet hour" is. It's another *rule*, that says that between three and four every Sunday afternoon you have to go to your room and be quiet.

Just the same I wish I was home. I can't get Algebra into my head no matter how hard I try, even though Professor Gardner is very patient; and I hate to get up at half past six in the morning, but I *won't* go without breakfast! Well, only a little while, and I'll be coming home for Christmas.

Your lonesome ————.

E. N. College,
Dec. 10, 1921.

Mother dear:

I didn't sound very thankful for anything in that last letter, did I? So near Thanksgiving, too! Now I am, though. We had a fine Thanksgiving dinner, and I felt just as much at home as could be. Dr. Matthews, his wife, and some of the folks from the district came in to be thankful with us. We had turkey with all the fixin's. The good people from some of the churches gave it to us.

. . . . . .

It's getting colder and colder here all the time. I feel it more than I do at home because we are near the salt water, and the wind is very sharp. It is only a five-minute walk to the bay from here, and when the leaves are off the trees, you can see it plainly from our room. Our dormitory has a flat, railed roof, and some of the girls decided that they'd go up there to sleep not very long ago. Of course it was cold, but they took lots of coats and blankets, and prepared to stay awhile. But the dean heard them. Nuf sed.

Eastern Nazarene College,
Wollaston, Mass.
Dec. 19, 1921.

Dear Mother:

Hurrah! only two more days of school, and then I start for home, sweet home. We've counted the days for about three weeks, and we're down to hours by this time. I feel very Christmassy, because we've had all our festivities already. Friday night each literary so-

ciety gave its Christmas program, and the decorations, carols, readings and everything gave a very festive atmosphere to the whole school.

The college annual that I wrote you about quite a while ago is coming on fine. We have named it "The Nautilus," and it's going to be a good book, too! The photographer was out the other day from Quincy and took pictures by the dozen. But I can tell you all about that when I get home. Please tell me which way to go after I get to Times Square from the Grand Central. I don't want to go to Hoboken instead of Bridgefield.

Back Again,
Jan. 4, 1922.

Dear Folks:

I arrived last night with no bones broken. My! but it's good to get back again! Everyone is so glad to see everyone else that you can't help feeling that they all love each other, and you too.

They had lots of fun here during the vacation. Some say that it's almost as good as going home. But I can't believe that, of course. Everyone is beginning to study hard for the exams. I'm catching the fever too; so I don't know when you'll hear from me again.

Feb. 15, 1922.

Dear Mother:

There isn't much to write; I'm just doing it from a sense of duty. Everything is running smoothly. We had a fine series of special meetings not long ago, and now our school is nearly one hundred per cent for Christ. The services did me so much good. I understand things so much better than I used to. I am studying French night and day. My room-mate and I had a spread last night. More skating.

Yours lovingly, ————

Feb. 19, 1922.

Dear Mother:

I'll have to write you a good long letter this time—that last one was so short. I didn't tell you about the mock trial, nor the concert, nor the skating parties, nor hardly anything at all, it seems. And I have a spell on today; I feel as if I could write a book. We have had clear, cold weather for the last three weeks, and every chance we could get we went skating. The boys flooded the tennis courts, and we even skated there in between times. They can't do anything but play hockey lately. Some of we girls are even falling in love with the game. The other afternoon Dot Gatchell and I were out playing for about two hours.

The mock trial was given by our literary society (the Athenian) on February third. Honestly, it was too funny for anything! Professor Benner was judge, and he can keep sober and look cross enough to eat you when none else can, and even he had to laugh! We invited the Brezeean Literary Society, and they seemed to enjoy it very much. They'll never be able to say again that the Academy students can't do anything, anyway.

Let me see, that was Friday night. Monday night we had a violin recital by Mr. Rolla Benner, of Chicago. He is our violin teacher now. There is no use for me to try to tell you about it; this is one place where words are useless. I went upstairs afterward and cried—isn't that enough to tell you how I loved it?

Your little girl.

ON SMILING

FROM this little clipping found on the yellow page of a dusty old scrapbook, compiled sometime in my "dear dead days beyond recall," as I glanced through it the other day, I caught a breath of most fragrant aroma.

"What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are trifles, to be sure; but, scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable."—*Addison.*

I inhaled more deeply its perfume, and then breathed it again and again, until its sweetness permeated my whole soul. Then a peculiarly touching story I once heard told by an evangelist, Mrs. Carrie Sloan, came surging through my mind. One day in New York, she saw a company of newly arrived immigrants being driven along like a herd of frightened cattle by some unfeeling officials. They were laden down with the entire sum of the scanty belongings they were bringing with them to the New World, the golden America of their dreams. And many of the women cuddled tiny babies close to their thumping hearts. Not a syllable of kindness was vouchsafed them. Harsh commands and impatient gestures terrorized them. Everything was strange; and dread and dismay clouded their wrinkled brows. The evangelist's heart was wrung with pity. She longed to comfort and help; but conscious of her impotence to give material assistance, she simply stood still and smiled her warmest, friendliest smile, right into the face of each weary, heartsick traveler. And the sunny radiance of those smiles was flashed back from dark eyes wide with pain and dread, just as darkened windows reflect with dazzling brilliance the dimmed but kindly glow of the setting sun.

I remember accompanying my sister—a nurse—through the smothering silence of long hospital corridors, and thence between long lows of little beds in the children's ward. At last she stopped by the bedside of a little boy of five or six. His pinched, lily-white face was like a delicate flower whose fragile petals had shrivelled and closed up again just as they were beginning to unfold.

"Well, James, how's the little old fellow to-day?" my sister called to him in a cheerful, almost gay tone, while she smiled a bright, sympathetic smile. All in a moment the lines of pain were erased from the corners of the drawn lips, and the withered bud of a face took on new life and bloomed forth in all its perfection and beauty. Just to think that a simple smile had such power! Power to snatch the sting from at least a few moments of tortured existence. Power to ease and lighten the homeward winging of a troubled little spirit.

And now the angular, uncouth image of a half-witted girl forces itself into my memory. She was unloved and neglected; and, indeed, folk often sneered at her most cruelly. The loneliness and misfortune of her situation haunted me until I hurt clear through. One day I mustered up courage, regardless of the jeers of others, to smile—just the faintest imitation of a smile, I fear it was—as she passed me on the street. And oh, the answering beam of happiness she shed on me! More grimace, some might call it, than smile, and yet it was most eagerly responsive, and grateful. Somehow it made me feel that the smiling of that little smile was the most worthwhile deed I had ever done.

As little a trifle as a smile, and yet it means so much, I wonder why we give so few.

We are not all stony-hearted monsters. Such creatures are rare, if, indeed, they exist at all. And yet we allow many a lovely flower to droop and die without breathing its fragrance, all for want of the sunshine we might scatter at so little cost. I think our neglect is due chiefly to hurry and thoughtlessness. With our minds intent upon other things, we meet folk with a blank stare or perchance a frown, and do not in the least realize we have done aught amiss. Yet we have just as surely denied the sunshine, or cast the shadow that means death to a budding flower. But thoughtfulness, which is the only remedy for our hasty carelessness, though inherent in its perfection in some people, can, fortunately, be cultivated by us all. And there are so many mottoes, and songs, and even buttons now-a-days to make us think of smiling, that the smiling habit ought to be acquired quite easily.

Still, there are smiles—and smiles. Not every smile could cheer the heart of a homesick wanderer, or ease the mortal pain of a little laddie alone, without his mother, in a city hospital ward, nor even call forth an answering smile from a simple-minded, but sensitive girl. Smiling may become so excessively habitual with us that our smiles will be deemed too cheap to value. And again, smiles may cut deeper and more cruelly than sharp words ever could. There is the cold, superior smile, which outrages our intelligence and individuality; the sneering smile, that signifies the same thing as a tap on the forehead; and the fretful, exasperated smile, which is worse than an open rebuke. Often we could thank people for a sound tongue-lashing if they would only "call off" their biting, bull-dog smiles. For sharp words are usually hot and hasty; they do not at all indicate the speaker's general attitude toward his victim. But there is a calculating coldness and cynicism about a hateful smile which gives it all the force of a deliberate insult, and endows it with the power to scorch our very souls long after a hot word would have cooled off and been forgotten. Incidents to illustrate the effect of smiles like these would be superfluous. We all have surely at some time or other been cowed or rendered vengeful by such smiles. But wait a moment. Do we ever smile unkindly ourselves? It will forever be much easier to pluck out motes than to discover beams, and yet—? Oh, I resolve to watch my smiles.

But smile I will; for, "What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity." And sunshine is beautiful, cheering, necessary. Let us scatter sunshine then,—what do you say?

—Esther A. Haskard.

AT CHAPEL

President Shields—Number 181, please. Number 181, please! Number 181, please!! (Noise gradually subsides. Singing.)

President Shields—Are there any announcements?

Mr. Siefarth—I'd like to make a few announcements. I notice that there are two or three window panes missing. Cold weather will soon be here, and we'd like to have you replace these panes at once. You can make arrangements in the office concerning the matter. (President Shields sits down.) In addition, you will notice that your board bills are made out for the entire month of December. Reductions for vacation will be made upon settlement of the bill. Please remember that the bills are made out in advance, and are to be paid in advance. We'd appreciate it very much if you will coöperate with us in this matter. We'd also like to have you pay any amounts you may owe in the book room. And we'd like it understood that no electrical appliances may be used without permission from the office, and all private irons must be on record there.

Professor H. Benner—Er—someone has been fooling with the musical instruments that are left here in the chapel by members of the orchestra. Now these do not belong to you. Some are the property of the college; others are personal property. Now the other day someone tried to tune this bass viol here up to an ordinary violin. Now these things just simply must cease. You'll let them alone in the future, please. . . . Orchestra at seven.

Professor Munro—Has anyone seen a copy of "American Poets"? It is a small, square brown book. I cannot remember leaving it anywhere, but I cannot seem to find it. I think I lent it to some member of the College Rhetoric class. And by the way, I'd like to say to the members of the College Rhetoric class who have not yet had conferences with me, please see me this afternoon. I'll be here the first two periods. And I'd like to see Miss Kratz and Mr. Hagerman for a moment after Chapel. (Nods and sits.)

Professor E. Goozee—Latin I will meet from three to four today. And the grammars for the Caesar class have come. You may get them at the bookroom immediately after dinner.

Professor Nease—Those who are keeping record of the chapel attendance will please hand me a transcript of absences sometime today. The sermon preparation class is scheduled to have Miss Strickland and Miss Temple for its speakers this Friday. Don't forget your missionary notebooks!

Professor H. Goozee—Books are being returned to the library in a poor condition. One of the library rules says that "readers must not write or make any mark upon any book, manuscript, map, or other property belonging to the library." Now these rules are made for your own good, and we'd like you to be more careful of library books in the future.

Professor Gardner—I've been asked to announce a meeting of the Mathematics Club this afternoon in the Biology room at four o'clock. The class in physics will take the next chapter for the advance assignment.

Professor Richards—All those who—ah—did not take lessons yesterday will come for them today at the same period. The Glee Clubs will meet this evening at 7 o'clock. I should like to see—ah—Mr. Betts, Mr. Gould, Miss Chase and Miss Spangenberg after—ah—chapel.

Dr. Gibson—I should like to meet the Hospital Committee at four o'clock in the Medical Missions room. Also I should like to say a word about these colds that are getting around. If everyone will be careful to observe the simple rules of hygiene and good health, we can help to stop the epidemic. And please be careful about letting these colds go. If you will come to us at the first symptoms, we can give you something to check it, but you can readily see that it is practically impossible to check a cold after you have been troubled with it for a week or more. So we'll all be careful and wise, won't we?

President Shields (rising)—I will speak for a few moments on 1 John 2:6. (Does so.)

Benediction.

Orchestral selection—"Onward Christian Soldiers," accompanied by the tramping of two hundred feet as we march out in response to the urgent call of the dinner bell.

FRIENDS

THE Littlest Girl was very energetically pushing her doll carriage up the street, as I came around the corner. I was glad. I always liked to be where she was, if only for a sight of her eyes. She had the bluest baby eyes I ever saw.

"Want to see my doll?" she called brightly.

I pulled aside the red quilt and found a bit of china and sawdust. Its nose was broken, its hair intricately tangled, its head amazingly out of proportion to the rest of its body. I wondered why such a grotesque figure should be the object of this childish affection, unless anything would look beautiful through those lovely eyes. As if reading my thoughts, the blue eyes looked into my own, and the Littlest Girl said, "I like her 'cause she's Anne!"

Would that everyone like you, Littlest Girl, liked his friend because she's Anne!

—*A. S.*

The Only Holiness College in the East

ATTENTION, YOUNG PEOPLE!

INVESTIGATE

EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE

A College that stands for the Inspiration of the Scriptures, Christian Experience and Intensive Evangelism.

AIM—Deep Spirituality and Thorough Scholarship.

LOCATION—Seven miles from the center of the great city of Boston.

FACULTY—Graduates of many of the leading Universities of America. Each member of the Faculty is well grounded in the doctrines of our Church.

ADVANTAGES in Research work, Historic Interest, Library Facilities, Lectures, Recitals.

DEPARTMENTS—College of Liberal Arts, School of Theology, Academy, Expression, Music, Commercial. Effort is being made for a particularly strong Bible Department the coming year. Lecture Courses in Missions, Business Administration, Law, Practical Theology, Church Polity and Evangelism will be given.

EXPENSES—The approximate expense for a year in Eastern Nazarene College, not including special fees, is $325.

Write for catalogue for further information.

President Fred J. Shields, A.M., Ed.M.,
Wollaston, Mass.

The Friendly Bank

THE GRANITE

Oldest—Strongest—Largest

Commercial Bank in Quincy

$4,550,000 Capital and Surplus; largest in Norfolk County

QUINCY COAL CO.

QUINCY, MASS.

DEALERS IN HIGH GRADE

Anthracite and Bituminous Coals

156 PENN STREET

Tel. Granite 47-M.

COMPLIMENTS
OF THE

DUTCH FOOD
SHOP

BEAL STREET

Wollaston, Mass.

In Drugs the prime essential is Quality.
In the Druggist it is Reliability.

When in need of
Drugs, Stationery
Toilet Articles or any
Drug Store Goods
We would be pleased to
Serve YOU.
Quality and Accuracy
Always first with US.

Platner's Pharmacy

N. G. PLATNER, PH. G., Prop.

66 Hancock Sreet, corner Beach

WOLLASTON, MASS.

A PRACTICAL POEM

What's the use
Of tying a poet down to conventional rules
And spoiling his good ideas
By rime and meter which knock
All the soul out of them?
Why can't he write
Just as he
Pleases, and if
He wants
To write a nice long line like this one, regardless of the laws of versification, the quantity of syllables, accent, rhythm, stanzas, strophes, and measures.
Or else a little bit of a short line, like
This,
Why not?

—*New York Sun.*

TRY

"Gold Hopper" Coffee

Ask for the package
marked **Gold Hopper**
next time.

IT WILL PLEASE YOU.

A. L. Parks Tea Co.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Teas, Coffees and Cocoa

73 to 75 So. Market & 30 Commerce Sts.

BOSTON, MASS.

KLEIN'S DRUG STORE

(CORNER BEAL & HANCOCK STREET)

Is the Largest and Best Equipped Drug Store in Quincy.

EVERY COURTESY IS SHOWN TO
ALL STUDENTS OF THE E. N. C.

COME IN AND GET ACQUAINTED.

Yours,

P. C. KLEIN

McMURRAY'S

ICE-CREAM & SHERBET

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TELEPHONE GRANITE 72188

"As we were!"

SEPTEMBER

8. Registration and Red Tape.
9. The "bad pennies" return.
12. We are initiated.
15. Everybody buying books.
20. E. Peirce develops an affinity for caterpillars.
22. Moonlight—and we go bathing—at ten-thirty P.M.
23. English 11 struggles with Anglo-Saxon literature.
25. Just an ordinary day.
27. Tennis battles waged long and furiously all afternoon.
29. September is going—going—
30. Gone!!

OCTOBER

1. Saturday—as usual.
12. "Washington crossed the Delaware in 1492."
14. Kampkliff!!
18. Mr. Chilton publishes his diary.
21. Perry-Athenian Program Committee meets—at last!
26. Zoo class experiments on grasshoppers—the hop preferably omitted.
27. Chop suey.
28. G. A. A. gives Hallowe'en Social—Nuf said!
29. Just odds and ends.
30. Everybody goes to hear Paul Rader.
31. Rev. C. B. Jernigan is here for chapel.

See us again.

Hart-Schaffner & Marx Clothes

MALLORY HATS

AND ALL STANDARD MAKES

—in—

Men's Furnishings

TALBOT - QUINCY - INC.

THE MEN'S SHOP

1387 HANCOCK STREET - - - QUINCY

COMPLIMENTS OF

B. A. BANKS COMPANY

133 BEACH STREET,

WOLLASTON

———Dealers in———

GROCERIES PROVISIONS & FRUIT
HARDWARE KITCHEN WARE
PAINTS & OILS

Miss Harding (in Shorthand class)—You folks pay about as much attention as a post I talked to once.

Mr. Archibald (in Solid Geometry class)—Let A B C D be the Parallelobiped.

D. Bower—I've talked and talked to you until I am worn to a frizzle.

A. Morse—Well, why not shut up for repairs?

Teacher—Which letter is the next one to the letter "H"?

Boy—Dunno.

Teacher—What have I on both sides of my nose?

Boy—Freckles.

Teacher—Now, Bobby, how much do six and four make?

Bobby (eagerly)—Eleven.

Teacher—Now, guess again.

Bobby (doubtfully)—Twelve — nine—thirteen.

Teacher—How about ten?

Bobby (exultantly)—Oh, you can't mix me up that way. Five and five make ten.

The teacher's last question was meant to be a scientific poser. "What is it that pervades all space," she said, "which no wall or door or other substance can shut out?"

"The smell of onions," said the class wit promptly.

"Cardboard Palace."

FRANK S. WHITCOMB

Commission Merchant

46 NO. MARKET STREET,

BOSTON, - - - MASS.

Tel. Granite 2398-M

C. F. FOSTER

CLEANSING PRESSING

—AND—

REPAIRING

Work Called for and Delivered

55 BEALE STREET

WOLLASTON, - - - - MASS.

CALENDAR CONTINUED

NOVEMBER

1. It rains!
3. Mr. Chilton's mustache can be seen without a microscope.
4. We christen the Annual.
6. We all go to church.
7. Blue Monday.
9. Report cards.
10. Snap shots for *Nautilus*.
11. We honor those who gave their lives in the Great War.
13. E. Peirce gets B on a psychology test!
15. Prof. Benner late to breakfast.
17. "The snow had begun in the gloaming."
19. Carrot soup for dinner. Ugh!
20. *Nautilus* pictures—and wind.
21. Someone hides Mrs. Gardner's hat.
24. Rev. John Matthews at chapel.
25. Turkey—an' everythin'.
28. Mr. Wilson gets a letter from the Klu Klux Klan.

DECEMBER

3. Mr. Betts star-gazes.
7. Bee MacKenney washes! (clothes, of course).
12. Miss Peirce, accompanied by all the young men, diligently studies the new missionary chart.
14. The Solid Geometry class confiscates the croquet balls for an object lesson in spheres.
17. *Nautilus* Staff meeting.
21. We all go home for Christmas—except those who stay.

Professor—How many senses are there?

Student—Six.

Professor—How is that? I have only five.

Student—I know it. The other is common sense.

SNYDER-MADE SPECIALTIES

Hams—Bacon—Sausage

A TREAT IS AWAITING YOU IF YOU HAVE NOT YET TRIED THEM.
WHEN BUYING, ASK IF IT IS "SNYDER-MADE" OR "SNYDER-CURE"

OR, ORDER DIRECT OF

Batchelder & Snyder Co.

55 BLACKSTONE STREET

BOSTON

'Phone, Richmond 3000

H. W. TITUS

Sea Food Market

NORRIS BLOCK - 85 BEAL STREET

WOLLASTON, MASS.

Telephone, 39 or 955 Granite.

CHAMPLAIN STUDIOS

161-164 TREMONT STREET & 480 BOYLSTON STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHERS
Champlain Studios
BOSTON

We take pleasure in announcing to the Class of 1922 our New and Exclusive

"PARIS ETCHINGS"

The memory of a face soon fades; but, in after years, Commencement Photographs always recall many pleasant memories of the Class and Field.

Appointment by 'Phone. Beach 858-2687.

Telephone Granite 2298-W. OPEN Monday, Friday and Saturday Evenings

JAMES P. CAHILL

Men's Furnishings

Cor. Beale Street and Greenwood Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

Shirts, Neckwear, Hosiery, Underwear, Belts, Collars Cuff Links, Suspenders. Boston and Paris Garters, Handkerchiefs, Pajamas, Night-robes, Gloves, Umbrellas, Domestic and Imported Homespun Caps, Scarfs, Sweaters, Overalls, Work Coats.

Prompt and careful attention given to Special Orders.

"LET'S GET ACQUAINTED."

The Wear Plus Ties . $1.00 to $1.50
The Slip and Spur Bow Ties . .50

Agency:
Old Colony Laundry, Quincy, Mass.

A Good Store in a Good Town

REAL COLLEGIAN'S SHOES

For Men and Women

Reasonably Priced.

SMALLEY-TERSHUNE SHOE CO., INC.

Wollaston, Mass.

TAYLOR BROS. LAUNDRY

UPHAM'S CORNER DORCHESTER

Telephone, Columbia 8910 **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

A. L. Holmes E. P. Luce

HOLMES, LUCE & CO.

94 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON

FURNITURE & CARPETS
STOVES, RANGES, Etc.

EASY TERMS ON
INSTALMENTS

Tel. Rich. 960-351

COMPLIMENTS OF

P. J. KING

666 HANCOCK STREET,
WOLLASTON,
MASS.

JANUARY

3. Back to the old grind!
5. "Orchestra at seven."
9. R. Haas proclaimed college crier.
11. Someone hides Mrs. Gardner's coat.
13. Friday! Bad luck?
17. Someone hides Mrs. Gardner's rubbers.
20. Dandy skating.
23. Super-abundance of midnight oil.
26. "Needles and pins, needles and pins, With the return of exams our trouble begins."
28. Clark's Commentaries much in evidence through the efforts of the Johannine Theology class.
30. Nearly dead by now.

FEBRUARY

1. Happy New—Semester!
2. Ground hog sees his shadow.
3. Mock trial—and "Izzy."
6. Violin recital—Mr. Rolla Benner.
8. Eskimo pies are all the style.
10. Everybody sawing on open strings.
13. "Advance" out.
15. Why is Professor Nease so absent-minded?
17. "Scud" and "Russell" sing at chapel.
19. Revival services end in great victory.
21. Piano and voice recital.
22. "I did it with my little hatchet!"
25. Prof. H. Benner reads the *Ladies' Home Journal!*

Perfection Shoe-
Polishing Outfit

Dauber, Blacking and Brush, Three in One

Price, $1.00 Complete by parcel post.

A TIME AND MONEY SAVER.

Does not require moistening. Each brush is fitted with a Waterproof Polish which oils and preserves all leather. One application lasts a week.

The Perfection three-in-one outfit was invented by a professional man as a practical, handy and useful article of merit, that would permit the busy man to polish his shoes quickly and easily, without wasting valuable time at a shoe-shining stand.

PERFECTION NOVELTY CO.
111 CAMPBELL ST.,
New Bedford, Mass.
P. O. Box 384

GEORGE D. EMERSON CO.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

BOSTON, MASS.

Largest Distributors in New England of High Grade Fruits and Vegetables in Number Ten Cans

Anxious Friend—Er—is he very sick, doctor?

Doctor Gibson—Why (gravely)—why I think he's liable to — — — recover.

Bookstore manager (thoughtfully)—Yes, I think I'll have the bookstore open three nights a week after supper and two nights a week after breakfast.

In Expression class: "Mr. Betts, your voice is very husky this morning. Have you a cold?"

"No'm, I just ate a doughnut."

MARCH

1. Came in like a lion.
3. Annual church meeting with Rev. S. W. Beers.
6. Talk about French mud!
10. Some good literary programs.
13. Six weeks exams!
14. Rules of etiquette expounded.
15. Ides of March—Seniors—Juniors.
17. Orchestra recital.
18. Miss Peavey forbidden to drink more than ten glasses of water at one meal.
20. Meetings of the G.W.S. occur more frequently.
21. Mr. Greene has all the symptoms.
23. Chemistry class makes H_2S.
31. G.W.S. has final meeting. Adjourns to meet in Hoboken July 4th.

A. W. PIERCE

Portrait Photographer

ADAMS BUILDING, - - - QUINCY, MASS.

INTERIORS HOME PORTRAITURE

COPYING ENLARGING COMMERCIAL WORK

PICTURES FRAMED

Quincy 1049-M

SAM SHELLMAN

SCALP

SPECIALIST

293-295 Newport Avenue,

WOLLASTON

Sammy (acting as spokesman for the European History class, who arrived at Solid Geometry about the time the period was half over)—We didn't hear the bell, professor. We were talkin' about chivalry.

Just as we have settled down to our beloved toast and coffee, a terrific thud resounds from the upper regions. Terrified, we stare at each other. Our teeth begin to chatter. And then—someone opens the door and quietly announces, "Keep your seats, please. It is nothing. Mr. Betts has fallen out of bed."

LADIES' AND GENTS'

FURNISHINGS

Full line of dry and fancy goods at most reasonable prices

Ray Kahn & Company

6 BEALE STREET, WOLLASTON, MASS.

COMPLIMENTS

—of—

GRANITE CITY ICE CO., INC.

EAST MILTON,

MASS.

MACDONALD & EVANS

110 SUDBURY ST. ▫ BOSTON, MASS.

Printers of this Book

We specialize in the Designing and Printing of High Grade Halftone and Process Color Work.

WRITE OR 'PHONE AND OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL CALL UPON YOU AND GIVE ESTIMATES IF DESIRED

GEORGE H. WAKEFIELD

REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST

—and—

OPTICIAN

Occulist's Prescriptions Filled

Eyes Examined

Optical Repairing

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Fine watch repairing at reasonable prices

1416 HANCOCK ST., QUINCY, MASS.

Next building to Ledger Office

A LA BOSTONESE

A New York man, visiting a Boston friend's household, found his host's son one afternoon settled in the library with a sheet of paper before him and a pencil clasped in his fist. Looking over the youngster's shoulder, the New Yorker saw that he was making pictures. "Well, Albert," he asked genially, "are you drawing an engine?" Slowly the child looked up and replied: "It would take a very strong boy to draw an engine, but I am making a picture of a locomotive."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

BABSON'S

AT WELLESLEY HILLS

The BABSON STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION publishes reports forecasting conditions in the Labor Market, Commodity Markets, Production Fields, Sales Territories, Individual Industries and Securities Markets — for over 15,000 of the country's keenest investors, bankers and business men.

The BABSON INSTITUTE trains for Business Leadership through its several divisions.

(1) This Advanced Work may be taken either by Resident or Extension methods. The Resident School trains a limited number of men who are to assume responsibilities in the business and financial world.

(2) The Extension Division, for those who cannot arrange their time and finances to take the work of the Resident School, carries a similar training through correspondence — covering problems of PRODUCTION, FINANCE, DISTRIBUTION and MANAGEMENT.

(3) The Elemental Extension Division includes certain Fundamental Courses and gives a strong summary of the essentials underlying permanent business success. These Fundamentals cover ECONOMICS, ACCOUNTING, PSYCHOLOGY and INVESTING.

Full details on any of the above mentioned work will be sent upon request.

BABSON'S

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

(Leroy D. Peavey, Treasurer of E. N. C., is Vice-President of the Babson Statistical Organization and a Trustee of the Babson Institute.)